UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 040 834 0

JEY
1000
95

THE

Wonder Working Water-mill

DISPLAYED.

WITH ITS

Apparatus, Appurtenances, Appendages, and Operations;

OR, THE

MILL

TO GRIND OLD PEOPLE YOUNG;

Erected and Practiſed by the well known DOCTOR, the learned philanthrophic Friend of

FARMER HODGE.

However old or maimed don't deſpair,
Come forward, you may find relief when here;
Try but the operations of the mill
You'll own 'twas form'd by more than common ſkill.

The RECTOR.

NORWICH:

PRINTED BY CROUSE AND STEVENSON FOR THE AUTHOR,
SOLD BY STEVENSON, AND YARINGTON AND BACON, NORWICH;
AND BY GIVING ORDERS MAY BE HAD OF ANY OTHER
BOOKSELLER IN LONDON OR ELSEWHERE.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY,
TO NON-SUBSCRIBERS, THREE SHILLINGS.

MDCC XCI.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

HONEST AND UPRIGHT OF HEART

UNIVERSALLY,

AND TO THOSE WHO ARE POSSESSORS OF

Pure, undefiled Religion eſpecially,

THE FOLLOWING

TRACT

IS MOST DEVOUTLY DEDICATED, BY

THEIR SINCERE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

1099193

TREBLE PREFACE;

(OR, THREE SPECIAL PREFACES)

The First by the RECTOR.

BROTHER MORTALS,

I Have both viewed, reſided upon (and attended at many operations, indeed I have at ſundry times delivered various Lectures at) the Wonder Working Mill—I look upon it to be a moſt uſeful piece of machinery—great numbers have experienced the unſpeakable advantages derived from the rules, baths, pedeſtal, works and ways thereof—I eſteem my learned friend the Doctor, who ſpares neither pains or purſe to do good—My beſt advice and ready attendance may be depended upon, ſo long as I ſhall be able to attend, or adviſe at all—The ſaid Mill is ſincerely (and without hope or requeſt of farther emolument here) recommended to all the ſons of Adam; but eſpecially to thoſe, who being *grown old*, ſtand moſt in need of it.

I am, Brethren,
Your devoted and conſtant ſervant,
THE RECTOR.

The Second by the DOCTOR.

KINGS, PEERS, PLEBEIANS,
(GENTLEMEN) AND OTHERS.

THE practice of my predeceſſors for ages, and of myſelf for a long ſeries of years, has been the *art of healing*; how far we have been ſucceſsful it does not become me to ſay; let our numerous patients, who are of each ſex, of all degrees, ages, and habits, ſpeak for or cenſure us—my preſent province is to ſay, that for ſome time paſt I have turned my ſtudies, in the healing art, principally to the caſes and cures of thoſe who are properly called *old*. The mill in queſtion has been long erected—the honour has been too liberally imputed to me; it may be true; my fortunes (which are greater than my merits) have been employed for the purpoſe of carrying the operations of the mill into farther effect—I have alſo cheerfully given my attendance, advice, and aſſiſtance for the relief of the diſeaſed; provided medicines, implements, and the like, moſtly *without fee*; this part of my demeanour I learnt from the worthy Rector of our pariſh,

one,

one, who though obliged to live decently, (and well-entitled, if he ſo pleaſed, to live affluently) on the tithes *the law* of the land gives him, yet, he never burthens his pariſhioners by exacting the *full tenth*, but gives up his whole time and ſtrength to ſerve them in preſent and future things, for a decent ſufficiency; part of which he diſtributes cheerfully to the worthy poor. This, our Rector, who in himſelf ſeems to me and others, to be a *living body of practical Divinity*, divulged the main of thoſe wiſe and beneficent maxims, by which I learned the conſtruction and uſe of this aſtoniſhing mill —I not only recommend it to all my fellow creatures, who want (as moſt do) cure—eſpecially to the *old* of every deſcription; but I ſhall be ready, in concert with my *Rector* and neighbour Hodge (a good natured, plain, plodding farmer, from whoſe blunt hints, conceived in humorous language, I confeſs to have gathered ſome things both pleaſing and profitable) I ſay, in concert with thoſe and others to be met with at the mill, you will find, without fee,

Your willing Phyſician and Friend,

THE DOCTOR.

The Third by FARMER HODGE.

LOOK YE, NEIGHBOURS, AND EVERY BODY,

YOU may take my word for it if you like, and the more to blame you if you do—come and try, eſpecially old hobblers, like myſelf, come and try—I ſay, and I will ſay any where, I never ſaw ſuch another mill (mind ye) in all the whole courſe of my life.

Witneſs my hand,

FARMER HODGE.

From my Farm-houſe, called, Highlands Farm, December 21, 1790.

THE

Author's General Preface.

CANDID PERUSERS,

A Preface to this work is a compliment you will expect—it is one I ought to pay—accept this, and I will be thankful. By a Preface, I conceive, is generally underſtood—Firſt, ſome account of the Author's motive for intruding himſelf in print upon the public—Secondly, A hint of the work itſelf—And, thirdly, An apology for the performance, ſo far as the characters of various claſſes of men may be involved.

As to motives, I ſhould not know what to ſay, did not truth dictate—Three months ago I neither thought of a motive to write, or of writing this piece at all, how it came into my mind I know, and if you think the following unadorned, ſhort, and artleſs relation, worth a caſt of the eye, you will know.

I was desired to attend a person of character and consequence on a matter of business—in obedience to that desire, on Saturday the eleventh of December last I rode for the Hall, in which that person resided—On approaching it, a thought passed my mind concerning "a Mill to grind old People young," I felt some force in the idea, but at that time only reflected, that when young, I had seen a picture to the like purpose—I arrived at the hall, and was soon dismissed.

On my return, the thought frequently occurred with additional vigour; "a mill to grind old people young," it seemed a thought strange and very extraordinary—However, I did not feel a strong desire to banish it, it dwelt upon my mind part of the next and the following day; I turned over the suggestion, and soon thought, something under that seemingly whimsical title might be wrote amusing and instructive; I began to marshall my thoughts, and not long after, at leisure hours, put them on paper—my motives for so doing was not to fill my pocket as an Author, but to try to do *good*; because, I consider *that* to be my duty as a christian, having

(having received much good) and as a ſervant of that highly favoured community of which Providence has made me a member.

The work itſelf has a religious tendency, though, as to language (in various parts) it wears a humorous dreſs; if that be a fault it is mine. It would have been extremely eaſy to have put upon it a more ſolemn, or (to pleaſe ſome people) a ſtarched garb—But I was led to dreſs it as it appears to the world, from an apprehenſion, that many buſy men, would ſcarcely touch, much leſs peruſe, a grave toned religious title or tract, if they found ſingle ſermonizing, without ſome relief at ſeaſons, by the introductions of other matters of an inoffenſive, yet ſprightly and cheering caſt—to gratify and lead ſuch on from relations harmleſs and pleaſing, to truths experimental and profitable. I am ſo far a conformiſt, as to have wrote ſundry pages, which the rigid poſſee of profeſſors (who are more fond of affected fixed countenances, ſet forms and traditional decorum, than of experimental ſubſtances, true purity of heart and univerſal good will) will hold up as improper, perhaps prophane, frothy, or ridicu-

lous; to ſuch I chuſe at preſent only to ſay, here is not a ſentence deſigned to offend them, therefore, if they cannot cordially approve, let them not raſhly condemn—I never learned or intended to learn their peculiar creed, and if they are willing to grant me what they moſt eagerly and juſtly graſp for their mother's ſons, (that is) liberty to think lawfully and ſpeak freely—as I do not preſume to cenſure them, they will not, it is hoped, venture to condemn me.

An apology is eſſentially neceſſary, as it is confeſſed, ſome *living characters* (without previous licence from ſuch perſons) are brought before the reader's eye—The beſt apology I can make is this—as to individuals, it may be better not to make applications; however, no fair one can be made—whoever fairly makes it, to the diſadvantage of any character whatſoever, except ſuch general ones as cry aloud for public, not to ſay univerſal avoidance or deteſtation, with regard to reſpective bodies of religious men, from a firm perſuaſion, that every ſincere worſhipper of God has a degree of charity, and that they all centre in this belief, "We

muſt be prepared for before we can be admitted to Heaven," I have done them the juſtice that perſuaſion prompted, and have openly ſaid ſo.

What it is to be ground young is ſufficiently explained at the end of the work.

With the moſt ardent wiſhes for the preſent and future happineſs of all, but eſpecially of the attentive, benevolent, and chriſtian readers,

I remain,
To the community generally,
and to them particularly,
a willing ſervant,
THOMAS MENDHAM.

Briſton, near Holt, Norfolk,
Feb. 21, 1791.

A Deſcription of the Mill itſelf, its Apparatus, Appendages, Perſonages, &c.

The *Father* and Creator.
The *Son* and Redeemer
The *Holy Ghoſt*, Sanctifier,
And the Chief Operator,
} Will be eaſily underſtood

The Mill is the true Church of God throughout the earth.

The Meadow—its name deſcribes it, i. e. Contemplation.

The River Reaſon—that noble faculty of the ſoul, called reaſon.

The Rivulet—the Grace of God, which brings ſalvation.

N. B. Both ſtreams run through the true Church, and agitate the main Wheel —that is the Mind of Man.

The Hopper—a ſtate of humiliation, which all experience who are truely turned and converted to God—frequently, when nigh to light, they are ſurrounded by darkneſs for a little ſeaſon.

The Two Grinders—fear of deſtruction, mixed with hope of deliverance; whoever paſs through theſe and are brought forth right, although before they might be like *old people*, yet, when ground, they become young, or in other words, new creatures.

Concave Mirror—the Penitent's looking-glaſs.

Convex Mirror—the Phariſee's looking-glaſs.

Plane Mirror—the true Goſpel glaſs.

The Spout (or opening)—all paſs through it the moment they become new.

The Pedeſtal, or Stool—true heart-felt repentance.

The Beam and Scales—the ſtandards or balances of the Sanctuary found in the Scriptures.

Screens—interpoſing mercies, placed between the tried and the trials.

The Bruſhes—vigilant ſtates of mind, by which old dirty practices are done away for ever.

The Wards—in the courſe of the work explain themſelves.

The Baths—baptiſms and divers waſhings.

The Rector—the Paſtor of the church.

The

The Doctor—a Phyſician of fortune, who gives up his time, and part of his wealth in the cauſe of religion.

Hodge—a plain, blunt, honeſt farmer, who at firſt heſitated about, and rather oppoſed the *works of the mill*, but afterwards was willingly ground himſelf.

Hannah, Robert, Audrey, and Suſan, his wife and children, early and ſecret converts—there are many others of the ſame claſs at the mill.

The Young Men and other people—theſe are ſincere chriſtians, who reſide in God's Spiritual Houſe—*the Church*.

The other characters will ſpeak for themſelves, and, therefore, need here no explanation.

By the Appendages, and country, without the Gate, is meant, the wicked and worldly-minded people, who forget God, and are ſtrangers to the privileges real religion affords.

THE

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

A Deſcription of the Mill—its ſituation—appendages—apparatus—appurtenances—attendants, &c. - - Page 1

CHAPTER II.

Sundry occurrences and ſtrange reports about the Mill—A few perſons venture to walk in the Meadow—they approached the Mill—paſſed through the operations, and became young—A feaſt on the occaſion. - - 5

CHAPTER III.

The young men returned to their own country and families—they were derided and abuſed by ſome—others, however, withdrew, and walked in the meadow. - - 9

CHAPTER IV.

Some account of Lord Lothario—his manner of life—the conſequences—his hiring Joſeph, one of the young men from the mill—and his going with him to the Meadow, the Mill itſelf, &c. - - - 16

CHAPTER V.

Some account of Farmer Hodge *and his family—his wife, ſon, and two daughters ground—a converſation at Hodge's houſe about grinding—an alarm—a mob at the mill—Fireface and his crew come to pull it down—the mob drove away by Hodge and his people.* - - - Page 25

CHAPTER VI.

A further account of Lord Lothario, and notice of another great perſonage, one Farmer George, *&c. &c. who came to the Mill.* 42

CHAPTER VII.

A mad ſcene, *&c. &c. or ſlight view of the inſide of Bethel, alias Bedlam.* - 52

CHAPTER VIII.

Some further account of Farmer George—*of his wonderful recovery, and of other matters.* - - - 59

CHAPTER IX.

Lord and Lady Faſhion—A Philoſopher and a brace of Lawyers come to the mill—Curious converſation pieces, &c. - 65

CHAPTER X.

An account of a remarkable Quaker who came to the Mill—an intereſting conteſt between him and Hodge—other perſons approaching, &c. - - - 79

CHAPTER XI.

Their characters explained, and they prove to be a Popiſh Prieſt—A Preſbyterian—A Baptiſt—A Methodiſt Preacher—And a New Jeruſalemite, with parcels of their reſpective flocks—The profeſſors weighed—Some found wanting, &c. - Page 95

CHAPTER XII.

Hodge conſents to be ground—enters the mill and the works—is drawn aſide by his old companions for a time—joins them to ring a peal of bob-majors—is alarmed—leaves off ringing and returns to the mill—is rightly ground, i. e. made new, and all ends happily. - - - - 118

THE

Wonder Working Water-mill

DISPLAYED.

CHAPTER I.

A Deſcription of the Mill—Its Situation—Appendages—Apparatus—Appurtenances—Attendants, &c. &c.

THIS ſalutary, medical and reſtorative Mill ſtands upon a delightful verdant meadow, whoſe graſſy ſurface, like a velvet carpet, is ever green; the old inhabitants of the ſpot, in ancient days, called it the Meadow of Contemplation. Directly through this meadow runs a bountiful river, called, the River of Reaſon; near which flows in conſtant ſoothing murmurs, a clear pellucid rivulet, which often, not always, is received

into the boſom of the aforeſaid river, it is called the Rivulet Celeſtial; both the river and rivulet run through the center of the mill, and agitate or turn the main wheel, with its ſalutary apparatus. Beſides the wheel, the apparatus compriſes the hopper, wide enough to contain more than are willing to enter it—the two grinders, between which the patients are tried and turned, or cruſhed and maimed, according as they are found prepared or inſincere—the ſpout, or funnel, by which all thoſe find a paſſage who endure the neceſſary trials—there is in the Mill likewiſe a ſeat, ſtool, or pedeſtal, which has this ſtrange property, whoever gets upon it confeſſes voluntarily the faults and follies of his paſt life ſo long as he ſits there—alſo a beam, a pair of ſcales, with ſundry weights, by which the honeſty, ſincerity and hopeful ſufficiency of thoſe who are weighed may be aſcertained—likewiſe a concave mirror, thoſe who look into this ſee their crimes or virtues magnified—a convex mirror, here, every thing on the contrary appears leſs than they are—there is alſo a large and noble plane mirror, or looking-glaſs, in which all things appear as they are; moreover there are ſkreens,

bruſhes

bruſhes, and ſundry other things not here to be particularized. The attendants are the Rector, the Doctor, Farmer Hodge, and ſundry others, who will appear when the Mill ſhall be ſet a-going. Thus, thoughtful reader, you have been told of the meadow, the mill, the river, the rivulet, the main wheel, hopper, grinders, ſpout, ſeat, ſtool, or pedeſtal, beam, ſcales and weights, concave mirror, convex ditto, plane ditto, ſkreens, bruſhes and attendants.

N. B. If you are *old* and want grinding, try this mill, and, that the operations may end happily in your favour, is the hearty wiſh of your ſervant

The EDITOR.

But, a word of the Appendages before we end the Chapter.

By the appendages are meant, not *technically*, thoſe things only that belong to, but thoſe alſo that are near the Mill or the Meadow; thoſe that belong to the Mill comprize ſundry ſeparate wards; as the wards ſet apart for oratory, trial, ſilence, watching, and other wards.

wards. There are the bathing rooms alſo, and a certain fountain belonging to the Mill; in theſe weak patients are often, if not always, ſtrengthened, and enabled to act with power and effect. Thoſe that are near, but do not belong to this ſpecial precinct, would take a volume to deſcribe; we ſhall only ſay therefore, juſt beyond the bounds of this place, there are palaces of falſe pleaſure, decorated mimic mounts, long avenues, arched gates, and wide gateways, broad ways, and crooked paths, where may be ſeen unmeaning promiſers, tinſel grandees, falſe colours, apiſh modes, ridiculous cuſtoms, gay-coated beggars, fops, fools, fidlers, fortune-hunters, wine, women, wenches, and a thouſand other things; and there your ears will be ſaluted, if not deafened, by prologues, compoſed of unmeaning compliments, ſilly play fibs, forged flatteries, rank reproaches, cauſeleſs careſſes, and petty petitions; and your eyes may be enchanted or dazzled with ribbons, laced coats, furbelowed petty ditto, reſin and cat-gut, wine, bumpers, and veſtals; but, after the curtain drops, you'll have epilogues of pallad appetites, pilfered purſes, palſied limbs, and horrid midnight, morning, or death-bed

death-bed reflections; from all which, thoſe who paſs through the Mill ſincerely ſay

GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

CHAPTER II.

Sundry occurrences and ſtrange reports about the Mill—A few perſons ventured to walk in the Meadow, they approached the Mill, paſſed through the operations, and became young—A feaſt on the occaſion.

THE fame of the Mill, its ways and works, ſoon reached the ears of thoſe who dwelt t'other ſide the borders; throngs, from time to time, approached the ſkirts of the Meadow, but were too ſhy to ſet foot upon it; they looked and went their ways, anon they returned and looked again, at length ſeveral ventured to come in at the gate that lay to the right, and almoſt inſtantly became ſerious and thoughtful;—they approached the river Reaſon—drank of its ſalutary ſtreams—the Doctor, with the Rector, who kept a good

good look out, came together to diſcourſe with them, and at the very time they were drinking large draughts of the waters of the river—the Rector pointed out the Rivulet, and aſſured them, though the River water was good, that of the Rivulet was infinitely better—he added, it is equally *free*—come taſte, and ſee how good it is—they taſted, and found the flavour ſo excellent, that they earneſtly aſk for more, and had it; delighted with its comfortable qualities, they entered the Mill, with the Rector, Doctor and others who dwell on the ſpot, and who ſeeing them come forward went out to meet them; the new comers having walked far, and being weary, ſit themſelves down on the ſeat or pedeſtal that ſtands there, juſt by the front door, they inſtantly began to cry out—you would have been amazed to have heard them—one and all moſt bitterly lamented;—they acknowledged (to the CHIEF OPERATOR, *one* who was nigh and heard them) by what means they became feeble and *old*, they expreſſed the moſt alarming apprehenſions, that notwithſtanding the fame of the Mill, they certainly came there to be totally undone.—The kind Rector took from the

archieves

archives the records of the place—he read, and aſſured them, none ever were undone who patiently endured the operations of the Mill—The Doctor brought an emetic, which (thinking their caſe could not be worſted) they took, it operated powerfully, ſo afterwards he gave them a cordial—they were led to examine the main wheel, the hopper, the grinders, the funnel, beam, ſcales and weights, the glaſſes, bruſhes, and many other things—upon which they, with one conſent, requeſted to be received; they were received, and after paſſing through the wards, proving the uſe of the three mirrors, and after having their linen well waſhed, and their garments bruſhed, they readily entered the hopper, paſſed between the grinders, and deſcended by the ſpout, ſo aſtoniſhingly altered, that, except their ſtature, (which continued the ſame) they appeared as young and as vigorous as thoſe who boaſt their meridian of days, or full blown bloom of life; it would have been highly pleaſing to have ſeen them, with the Rector, Doctor and dwellers at the Mill, how they triumphed together (Old Hodge was not there). It was determined upon to celebrate the event with a feaſt—

the

the feaſt was ſoon prepared, the whole company ſit down; they eat ſuch things as are the beſt, they drink (but only to comfort, not to intoxicate) the richeſt wine—When all the young men who had gone through the operations deſired to drop their old and have new names; new names were given them, and before the company broke up one of the new named ſtood up and ſung the following ſong:

Could the croud of unbelievers
Tell the joys we taſte of here,
Soon they'd fly from you, deceivers,
Join us and our comforts ſhare.
None ſo happy, none ſo peaceful,
None ſo cheerfully can ſing,
As we men whoſe hearts all graceful,
Flame with love unto our King.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER III.

The Young Men returned to their own country and families—They were derided and abuſed by ſome—Others, however, withdrew, and walked in the Meadow.

THE feaſt being over, theſe new comers ſaid one to another, let us now return home to our families and friends, and bring along with us, when we return, ſuch as are old and infirm, to embrace, as we have done, the benefits of the Mill; they, with hearty thanks to all the operators, eſpecially to the *Chief*, returned, running, leaping, walking, ſinging, and telling the wonders they had found at the Mill; but their countrymen hooted them, and ſaid, they were outlandiſh people, come from Satan's *dungeon, or the* Peake, in Derbyſhire, or elſe from Lapland, where the world is full of witches, or ſome where or other; or they might be blown amongſt them by a whirlwind, or dropped like frogs from a cloud, or water-ſpout.—But ſays the bucks, bloods, bawds, beauties, bravos, jack-puddings, poſ-

ture-maſters, tumblers, wire-hoppers, mimics, mock-manners, ſneerers, grinners, and ſome of the grave men too, get out, or we'll kick you out ye young monſters, be gone, here's no abidance for you—Old *Fire-face*, the landlord of the inn, called the *Jolly Topers*, came, and ſtaring upon them, ſet up a horſe-laugh, and ſwore by the bottom of his butts, he had had the honour to keep the largeſt inn in the whole univerſe for upwards of three years and three quarters, in the very heart of the kingdom, where he had entertained Potentates, Princes, Peers, Nobles, Ambaſſadors, Amblers, and all the people of the firſt rank in the four quarters of the globe, but he never in all his life before ſaw or heard of ſuch a pack of rabſcallionly, rude, raſcally, ill-looking, ill-ſpoken, intolerable, unſufferable, unbearable ſet of ſurfeiters as theſe are.—Faugh! ſays old Red Noſe the drawer, the imps ſmell of brimſtone. Depend upon it, cries Prim, the pimp of the Bagnio, by ſome ſly ſtratagem they found a chink on one ſide or the other of ſtrumbelow, or perhaps have crawled out of the bottomleſs pit to infect us.—At the inſtant up comes Lawrence Laſh, the driver of the ſtage coach

from

from afar; and he, after hearing a part of the charming converſation, and looking ſteadfaſtly at the ſtrangers, leeringly proteſted, he had travelled over all the world (partly) and his coach, the beſt any road could boaſt of, had tranſported creatures of all nations and languages, but (ſays he) I ſwear, on the credit of my old horſe Quitter, I never ſaw ſuch a pack of paltroons as theſe are in my life, except once when my flying machine was wafted over land and ſea with a parcel of paſſengers to Jeruſalem; there indeed I did ſee ſome ſuch monſters—and though theſe have loſt their (long beards, or) chin-geers, depend upon it they are Jews; Ay, ay, ſays Fire-face, Red-noſe, Pimp, &c. &c. Mr. Laſh, you are all o' the right on't—We dare ſwear they are all rank Jews, and are come here to clip, ſtew, and ſweat all our guineas, and take us in again for the ninepences and ſixpences; away with theſe Solomons, Moſes', Aarons, and Jacobs from the face of the earth; lay hold of them there, duck them, drown them—At that turbulent time, an old woman, with halfpenny puddings and penny pies, worn down in the ſervice of the place, ſtood by, and ſhe began to whine out, hold!

hold! ſons, you are all in the wrong, they are neither Jews nor Chriſtians, ye fools you; why, I have in my early days been in Turkey, through Holland and China, and ſo I can tell you what they are, why they are Hottentots or elſe Cherokees, the one or t'other of them—Why you lying old baggage, ſays Pimp, that can't be, for they have not black ſkins—Good lack a day, child, ſays the old wench, I did not mind their ſkins; a buſtle amongſt themſelves ſoon enſued, and in the confuſion the men made their eſcape, and each, after agreeing at a fixed time to meet at the Mill, returned to his own family.

But can you believe it! they ſeemed as ſtrange to their relations as they did to their countrymen—theſe were ſure, (they ſaid) they were not the ſame creatures they uſed to be, their geſtures, looks, lives, language, tempers, in ſhort, in every thing they were ſo altered that they neither could nor would bear with them; to be ſo often talking about the meadow, the mill, the river, rivulet, fountain, ſtool of repentance, wards, watchings, and a heap of outlanding gibberiſh; and then to diſlike all their old favourite ways,

to

to ſhun the mounts, gates, broad road, (the eaſieſt way in the world to walk in) to deſpiſe the cuſtoms of the country, and above all to teſtify againſt thoſe honeſt fine fellows Fire-face, Red-noſe, Prim Pimp, Laſh, the driver, and all the fine folks of the place, and laſtly, to raiſe a report that moſt of the people of that place were grown old, deformed, crippled, or enfeebled, and therefore wanted grinding, was intolerable, inſufferable, provoking, inflaming, diſmally dangerous, and not to be ſuffered; therefore, with one conſent they laid hold of the young men, and drove them away out of the place.

Soon as they were left, they aſſembled together and reſolved to return to the mill, and to beg of the Rector and Doctor to let them abide there; and at the ſame time to declare, that for food and raiment they would not long be chargeable, for that as ſoon as the hurly burly was over they would go into the country by day, and endeavour to get labour for their hands.—That they would be faithful to their employers, ſtand their hours, earn their wages, and each evening come back and aſſiſt in grinding, if they might but be permitted to lodge at the mill; their requeſt

queſt was ſoon gratified, they took up their lodging there, and for ſome time remained in peace with the Rector, Doctor, Aſſiſtants, and ſometimes with old Hodge, who ſuffered them to viſit his farm-houſe, and as he thought them good fellows, he ſet on two or three of them to work at his farm.

In a ſhort time, the remainder, early in a morning, walked into the country, and aſked for employment, being now unknown, ſome inſtantly got into buſineſs, ſo did the reſt ſometime after; thus all were got to work, and able to earn enough for themſelves in their moderate way of living, and found ſomething to ſpare; this overplus the young men always gave to the *worthy* poor, eſpecially to the ſick, the blind, widows, fatherleſs children, and orphans; and they thought and found in the end, what they gave in charity was like ſeed ſown on a good ſoil, for it brought a very large encreaſe—moreover, wherever they came they would talk, when proper occaſion offered, of the meadow, the wonderful mill, the Rector, the Doctor, and the peaceable, happy young people who dwelt on the ſpot, ſo that many looked upon them and wondered; ſome

thought

thought them mad, ſome drunk; ſome ſaid they were dreadful deceivers, for that there was no ſuch mill under the ſun; 'twas a cheat from top to bottom, nor were there any people ſo happy upon earth. Others conſidered the matter more attentively, and watching the ways of theſe men, and obſerving they appeared happy, and were found faithful and honeſt, began to think there muſt be ſomething more than common in the matter; Mark! the laſt had juſt before (to get out of the noiſe of their place) withdrew in the twilight, and took a turn or two in the pleaſant meadow, but had never gone ſo far as the mill, &c.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IV.

Some account of Lord Lothario—His manner of life—The conſequences—His hiring Joſeph, one of the young men from the mill—And his going with him to the meadow, the mill itſelf, &c.

AMONGST the laſt was a Noble Peer, heretofore called Lord Lothario, who happened to employ one of theſe young men in the capacity of ſuperintendant, over his numerous domeſtics, and who, at his leiſure hours, (which were but few) had not only obſerved ſomething ſingular in the fellow (as he called him) but led by curioſity he had queſtioned him—at length he repoſed great *truſt* in him, for he found *Joſeph* (that was his name) took care to keep his inferior ſervants at their employments; and not only ſo, but he rebuked them for and kept them from extravagance, gluttony, and drunkenneſs, ſo, that his eſtate, which before was weak, and about to be put out to nurſe, began to grow ſtrong; and this ſo far drew his

his condeſcenſion and regard, that he frequently ſpoke to Joſeph; and Joſeph taking now and then an opportunity to drop a word about the wonders of the mill—the *Chief Operator* there—the meadow, the Doctor, the Rector, his companions, Farmer Hodge and his family, &c. One day, I'll tell you what, Joe, ſays Lothario, I have company coming to dinner, and am engaged at a rout about midnight; but if in the evening you'll ſtop in your way home at the right gate of your meadow (as you call it) I'll come to you there in diſguiſe, and if you o'nt diſcover me, I'll paſs for one of your people, and ſlip with you into the mill, only to take a peep at her and your gentry there; I ſhall be glad of that, ſays Joſeph, my Lord, and if your Lordſhip will forgive me, I wiſh you may be prevailed upon to try the works of the wheels, and that you may find as much benefit as I have done—Thank ye, Joe, but hum!—Joe?—My Lord?—I ſuppoſe one can have a little entertainment there, have you any good wine at the mill? the beſt under Heaven, my Lord, but it is not ſuch as your Lordſhip uſually drinks;—Well, well, but are there any pretty girls there, Joſeph;

you'll excuſe me, but I am very fond of the fair-ſex, though, to tell you the truth, I can do little more than talk with them—Pretty girls, my Lord, yes, a few of the youngeſt, fineſt, and moſt beautiful girls in the world, and yet, pardon my bluntneſs and freedom, my Lord, I firmly believe not a lewd one amongſt them—The deuce lye ye, Joe, exclaimed Lothario, if they are young, fine, and beautiful, they are not all veſtals; however, go at eve to the gate, and depend upon it you ſhall have me for a companion.

At evening, as uſual, Joſeph returned in his way to the mill, he entered the meadow at the gate, and ſat down to wait for Lothario. In the leiſure half hour, as he ſeldom was idle, Joſeph, ever cheerful, ſolaced himſelf by ſinging a ſong, and when we have drawn the outlines of the Peer's character, perhaps you may hear it.

Lothario had the fortune (or misfortune, which ever it is, for the learned are divided in their opinion on the ſubject) ſoon after he was born, to be entitled, by the demiſe of the Peer, his father, and death of the Dowager, his mother, to a diſtinguiſhed title and a princely fortune, to wit, a landed eſtate of about

about 6000l. a year, and 100,000l. in the funds; during his minority, tho' frequently indulged, yet bridled in part by preceptors, tutors, guardians, and others, he could not (as he uſed to expreſs it) have ſufficient elbow room; to be ſure, he was half compelled to learn ſomething, and being of a quick turn of mind, was led up, not only to a tolerable but to a good education; moreover, he was ſoon accompliſhed in the faſhionable fancies of dancing, fencing, riding the great horſe, and anon, he got himſelf accompliſhed in the fine arts of hunting, racing, gambling, wagering, ſwearing, banqueting, and wenching; he had indeed before eighteen anticipated his fortune (as ſnug as he could) about 60,000l. by borrowing at about 50 per cent. of Jews, and laviſhing away the money upon people called Chriſtians. At the age of twenty-one, (happy æra) a grand feaſt was held at Lothario's hall, to celebrate the happy moment, when he became *his own* maſter—but by the care and attention of the dizzy, untruſty raſcals (ſervants I ſhould have ſaid) about him, it is reported to have coſt him not much more than the trifling ſum of 2500l. Before twenty-two he had

the honour to keep a ſtud of the beſt racers on the turf, (till others beat them). Before twenty-three he loſt by racing and betting about ſix times more money than the horſes coſt him, tho' true, they coſt twice their worth, he having paid, firſt and laſt, about 1700l. for them. At twenty-four he ſold them off, and purchaſed a dozen very fine hunters, and pack of fox-hounds, at the moderate price of 450l. he kept them one year (huntſman, whippers-in, whippers-out, ſportſmen, ſervants, &c. included) ſo cheap 'tis ſuppoſed as at about 580l. Before twenty-ſix he diſlocated his neck in a chace, by plumping at a thick-ſet hedge to out-leap one of his tenants, who happened to be mounted on a better hunter than his Landlord, and who had the impudence to puſh the Peer, ſuppoſing (as he afterwards laughingly ſaid) if his Landlord had broke one neck, he carried another in his jacket pocket; ſome kind brother fox-hunter tumbled off his ſteed, and after fixing his dirty knees againſt Lothario's ſhoulders, and his nervous hands beneath his caput, ſeemed to be pulling off the Peer's head, as one would pluck off the head of another ſort of *pigeon*; but, however,

however, he reduced the diſlocked part, and his Lordſhip, after ſome cluttering in his throat, and involuntary tears from his eyes, began to breathe, and his noddle being ſupported whilſt he laid on the graſs, his carriage was ſent for, he was conveyed to the hall, recovered in two months, and juſt before he got about again, one day his valet heard him mutter to the following effect;—If there be any fox-hunting in ——, I wiſh my horſes and hounds all there, they have coſt me monſtrous ſums, and nearly broke my neck into the bargain—My Lord, ſays, William, his ſteady valet, (for his ſervants at times dare take liberty to ſay any thing to him) I have heard my Grandmother ſay, Lucifer never rode a fox-chace in his life, and that if the monies the horſes and hounds coſt were given to the pitiable poor it would fill many an empty belly—Empty belly, well, well, mine is empty enough; Will, don't let the Doctor know it, but give me a bumper of brandy, here's a guinea for you.

Will?—My Lord?—I'm ſick of hunting, tell Tom Trimmer to-morrow to ſend all the horſes to Tatterſall's.—They were ſent, and at the fall of the hammer, that Gentleman

man knows what they ſold for as well as I do.

N. B. Some of the pack, 'tis ſaid, got the murrain, and the others were ſold very cheap indeed to a young Lord who was juſt then about to ſet up the ſame ſort of buſineſs. When Lothario grew better, and became cool, his old Steward took courage enough to remonſtrate with him in the *money way*; creditors by crouds came about the hall, and began to be inſufferably clamorous; tell them, ſays his Lordſhip, I am not at home, (fibbing being quite faſhionable in ſome great houſes) anon, however, the hall grew too hot—His Lordſhip ſaunters out, drops in at the inn, called, the *Jolly Topers*; Fire-face all but kiſs'd his feet, calls his wife to take his Grace's orders, but took care firſt himſelf to bring into diſtant view a leaſh of wenches; he aſſured Lothario his drawer was deviliſhly honeſt, never made a double chalk, or extravagant bill in all his life; as to Prim Pimp, the white-headed waiter, (tho' he ſaid it that ought not to ſay it) in the fleſh way, there was not a better provider in all the world; your Grace may have here, ſaid he,

(for

(for he was corned, or mellow) cheaper than at your Lordſhip's hall, my Lord, of the fineſt reliſh, four, or two-footed fleſh of every kind; and, as to my wine—Pray, my Lord, ſhall I get your Grace a bottle, and ſend *Flora* with it, I dare ſay your honour would not like to be waited upon by one of us the he's—Well, Mr. Fire-face, ſays my Lord, ſend your wine and one of your ſhe's—He did ſo; my Lord did not reliſh the wine, but he liked the wench, and ſo took her into keeping upon articles; ſoon he grew cloyed, took another, then another and another, he ſported a variety of new carriages, had about twenty ſervants in fine liveries; he and his favourite laſſes, by turns, rattled away to maſquerades, plays, balls, routs, races, and every where; till, by when he was thirty, his ready caſh was ſquandered, his eſtates mortgaged, and his body ſo emaciated, enfeebled, and enervated, that had you met, you might eaſily have miſtook him for *an old man of ſixty*; it was at this period he bad Joſeph go and wait for him at the gate.

Now

Now for the ſong that Joſeph ſung whilſt waiting at the meadow gate.

Lord Lothario make haſte,
Oh that you for once could taſte
The ſweet pleaſures of the mill,
Thoſe I felt there, and feel ſtill;
Here's a heart that's always glowing,
Here are pleaſures ever flowing,
Freed from all the noiſe and ſtrife
Of a diſſipated life;
Come, Lothario, come away,
Come, or I'll no longer ſtay.

On't you, Joe, ſays the Peer (who then, though after the fixed time, arrived at the gate) well, good manners bid me thank you for ſtaying ſo long, ope the gate, may I follow you—Yes, my Lord, ſays Joſeph—He opened the gate, Lothario entered the meadow, and the moment he ſet his foot on that delightful ground he began to contemplate. The Peer and Joſeph walked together (as if equals) the Peer being *incog.* Joſeph introduced him; they entered the mill, the family received Joſeph and the ſtranger, and there (reader if you pleaſe) we will leave them, and ſtep over to Hodge's farm to ſee what is going forward there.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER V.

Some account of Farmer Hodge *and his family—His wife, ſon and two daughters ground—A converſation at Hodge's houſe about grinding—An alarm—A mob at the mill—Fire-face and his crew come to pull it down—The mob drove away by Hodge and his people.*

YOU were told before (reader) that Hodge had employed two or three of theſe young men—They wrought diligently, the farmer was well pleaſed, but took no farther notice of them than to ſay when they came for their wages, Boys! you are good labourers, there's a ſhilling a piece for you above your hire—Dame! tell Audrey to get them a cann of beer; this latter they took if they wanted it, if not they declined it—But as they came into the kitchen at meal times, and converſed with the ſervants and ſome of the family, they were often ſinging (having good voices) to thoſe about them—And afterwards, would talk of the *wonderful Mill, the Chief Operator*, the Rector, Doctor and many

things—their converſation—the well known character of the Rector and Doctor, and many other things conſpired together ſo, that Hannah Hodge, the Farmer's wife, Robin, his ſon, Audrey, his eldeſt, and Suſan, his youngeſt daughter, all had (unknown to Hodge whilſt he was about his fields) gone to the meadow and mill; and (in ſhort) privately paſſed through all the operations* before Hodge was aware of the matter—However, he could but obſerve his Hannah, who, tho' uſually chearful, would ſometimes be pittering and pittering about the goings on at the farm, &c. now ſhe was always eaſy—Robin too, who uſed to cut and rip, and try to drive away every thing before him, now was as meek and mild, as cool and calm as could be. Audrey, that had a vaſt nack at dreſſing and ſcolding, reduced her head-plumes and bridled her tongue; or elſe ſhe now ſpoke ſo kindly to the maids, that they all wondered and liked her—Little Sue, a tedious peeviſh girl, who before was always for her own mind, and would cry and bawl if not pleaſed in every thing, now wore a conſtant ſmile on her face, and was always

* At this mill perſons of all ages find benefit.

in

in good humour—Hodge wondered what was the matter, but at length he began to ſmell a rat (as he call it) had a ſtrong ſuſpicion they had been *a grinding* (as ſcoffers by that time began to term it) and he grew angry. Now, though he had a very high reſpect for his old friends the Rector and Doctor, yet, conceiving *mean notions of the mill,* and ſuppoſing that half the time of his family would be taken up there, whilſt his farm would be neglected, and all run to rack, he thought within himſelf, after his humorous way,

Let it be underſtood,
Hodge—nip this in the bud.

For (d'ye mind) ſays he to himſelf, if I don't nip off the bud, here will grow a flower by and by (obſerve ye) that I ſha'nt like the ſmell of—So that evening, when the Farmer came home, reſolved, right or wrong, to begin upon them—He happened to find his wife and ſon Robin looking into an old duſty book by the fire ſide, whilſt Audrey and Suſan, with the three young men, (the labourers from the mill) were ſet near them.

Well, Robin! ſays he, have you looked after the horſes? Yes, father! but I ſhall ſee

to them again before ſupper—Before ſupper! ſays Hodge (obſerve ye) I doubt you deſerve none, go ſee to them now boy—Robin obeyed —Hark ye, Audrey! have you helped to milk the cows? Yes, father.—Well, but have you taken care (mind ye) that the wenches ſtrapped them clean? I am afraid you neglect the buſineſs, and half the cows will get the gargut, by your lazineſs—Father, ſays Audrey, you never told me I was lazy before—No, no, you uſed to be well enough, but I have ſeen what I don't like, and I ſhall ſpeak what you don't like—Here, Sue!—Papa?—Go hold the lanthorn for Robin 'till he cleans the horſes—Where's your rock? what, no ſpinning to night?—I have ſpun a ſkein, papa—Go, hold the lanthorn, I tell you, get you gone you little urchin—Suſan ran ———— a pauſe ———— after the pauſe, ſays Hodge to his Hannah—Well, wife, (obſerve ye) what are you after? you ſeem wonderfully mute now a-days—what book is that you are poring over together, Robinſon Cruſoe, or the works of Fox, the leather-coated quaker? aye, 'tis a quaker's book I ſuppoſe, for (obſerve ye) for ſome time paſt you have been wonderfully

ſilent;

ſilent; but, however dame, I'll make you ſpeak—Throw away your book, or I ſhall kick it I know not whither—Here, Prue! get me a pint of my ſtrong ſtingo (mind ye) —bid Robin and Sue come in—Audrey, where's your cap that coſt 7s. 6d. how came you to have a plain cap and fillet about your head?—Young men (obſerve ye) go home to your mill, I think to turn ye all off to-morrow morning—Give me my ſtick, wife, I'll go and ſee after my buſineſs myſelf, I ſmell a rat, you are all idle, and the rent of my farm, and the rates of the pariſh, at this courſe of life, will ruin us all.—Pray, my dear, ſays Mrs. Hodge, what is the matter, what haſt thou been ſpending thy market penny, huſband? what is amiſs? all our buſineſs is done, and can there be any harm, after the toils of the day, to ſet down and read the records of the wonderful mill?—Mill, ſays Hodge, *there's the rub*; aye, that's what I thought of; why, look ye wife, the mill will grind all your brains out, if you have any; but methinks you have been there before hand; however, wife, though I love you, and have lived with you theſe thirty years without a quarrel before, yet now I

tell

tell you, if you attempt to go to the mill a grinding, depend upon it you have done living quietly, or at all, with your old husband Hodge.

Wife—Wilt turn me out of doors, dear husband?

Hodge—Doors, no, I love you too well for that yet; but if you want to read, why I have wrote more than you can underſtand, or I myſelf either perhaps, Dame (d'ye mind) why prythee read the works of your husband.

Wife—My dear, your works aim to do good, and your heart I know is honeſt, but charity begins at home—firſt, get good done to thyſelf huſband; here's a book * gives me more comfort than a thouſand of your writings, and the works of the mill are beyond your comprehenſion.

Hodge—Hark ye, wife, don't provoke me, away with your new noſtrums, mind your butter and cheeſe, chicks and chickens, and keep your children up to the work—Mark! I love the Rector and the Doctor as well as you do, and have heard (obſerve ye) a deal

* The Bible.

of

of talk about the mill, I have been at it, but never paſſed through it, nor do I intend it, for, d'ye mind, we are not *millers*, and ſo we can't live by grinding.

Wife—My dear huſband, I always was and always will be yours; you know I love you (aſk the experience of thirty years) our children doat upon you, we will all obey you, *except in matters of the mill*; but I will frankly confeſs, whatever is the conſequence, my ſon Robin, daughter Audrey, myſelf, and even little Suſan, have all paſſed through the operations, though unknown to you, and we are happy—the laſt and beſt of my wiſhes for you, my dear huſband, are, that you alſo may paſs through, be made as happy as we are, and then we ſhall be all one for ever.

Hodge—What do I hear? am I in a dream? what, haſt thou been through the mill, and did you hide it from me?—Well, be it ſo, I have always truſted in my own care, under Providence, to guide me, I have been honeſt as far as I could, have brought up my family, with the help of God, and you, but in deep things I know, wife, you are more ſerious, and therefore better acquainted with ſuch

ſuch likes than I am; and ſo go on, Hannah, go on my children; although I have ſpoken in an ill temper, yet I don't ſee, to ſpeak the truth, that you are altered for the worſe; ſo go on I ſay. I ſhall never go a grinding with you, but, however, we will love one another. Drive on the buſineſs of the farm (d'ye mind) and *every one ſhall go his own way*—I'll go mine, ſays Hodge. At this inſtant the converſation was interrupted by halloo! halloo! Maſter Hodge, Maſter Hodge, and all that are within, come quickly to the mill—there's a great mob around it, and a riot; they are about to pull it down, and threaten to drown the Rector, Doctor, and all the folks there; therefore, you and your people go quickly and repel the mob.

Hodge—The Devil (d'ye mind) ſeems to be let looſe now a days—give me my crab ſtick and conſtables ſtaff, for I am conſtable of the pariſh (obſerve ye) call Robin—Here, call our men Ralph, Roger, Valentine, Tom—Where's the maids Bridget, Ruth, Margaret, and the reſt of you; let the boys be called, Halloo! where are you, Sam, Ned, Tibly, Trimmer, where are the young men of the mill—are they home? here, all of you,

take

take your whips, flails and pitchforks; women take your bruſhes and broom ſtalks; Audrey and Sue (can you fight with your father?) lay hold of your ſtools, pattens, and rock ſtaffs; come along—I'll hobble before you, and lead you to battle—I don't like your grinding way (mind ye) but I love the Rector and the Doctor and all about them; therefore, come along quickly, *we'll never be governed by a mob*—We'll go and drive them off the ground, or I'll ſhiver my crab-thorn and conſtables ſtaff to pieces; and (obſerve ye) before they ſhall drown my old friends—(come along) here's old Hodge, who in this right cauſe will venture his life for them—Away hies Hodge—all the family and ſervants followed him, the ploughmen and ſervants took their weapons; the wife, children, and young men took none; we leave them going to reſcue the Rector, Doctor, &c. and to ſave the mill, &c. mean time we ought to tell you how the uproar happened.

It happened thus,

Joſeph and the Peer, as you heard before, were arrived at the mill, where, to the aſtoniſhment of Lord Lothario, he found, by converſing with the Rector, Doctor, the young

men, and people on the ſpot, what he had heard from Joe was true—He became ſo charmed with the converſation of theſe people, and profited ſo much by a lecture that happened to be delivered that evening, that he reſolved not to go, as propoſed, to the midnight rout of *Lady Rittle Rattle*, but to abide with them there at leaſt for that night, if they would ſuffer him to reſt amongſt them; he was ſhewed a room decently furniſhed, in the *ſilent ward*, which lies next the ward *oratorial*.—Being ſhewn to his bed by one of the young men of the place (who ſoon retired) and being left in profound *ſilence*, he began to reflect upon the life of diſſipation he had led from his earlieſt days, this drove ſleep far from him—his mind was filled with fear, and that night he took no reſt; early at the cock-crowing in the morning, he heard an audible voice in the ward of oratory; to which, liſtening with profound attention, he found it was the Rector in the article of prayer; reſolved to ariſe, he did ſo, dreſſed himſelf, and went ſoftly to the ſide of the oratorial ward, near which ſtood the low ſeat, pedeſtal, or ſtool (of repentance) he ſet himſelf down upon it,

and

and inſtantly found himſelf ſtrongly inclined to confeſs all that was in his heart—his audible confeſſion alarmed the Rector ſo, that after morning matins were over, he came to the Peer, examined him as to the preſent ſtate of his mind, and having good cauſe to hope he was a ſincere penitent, allotted him a place in the oratorial ward.

In that ward he continued for ſome time, and a report being ſpread in the ſuburbs that Lord Lothario was got to the mill—Lady Rittle Rattle being diſmally diſappointed of the Peer's perſonal appearance at her rout—Old Fire-face alſo miſſing his gifty gueſt, and Prim Pimp, having loſt his beſt Maſter (as the Miſſes of the Bagnio had their golden cull) moreover, it being reported, that if he was indeed gone a grinding, the very art would fall by which they had their ill got wealth.—Fire-face, his Drawer, Pimp, his wenches, a drummer, a brace of butchers and leaſh of link boys; (the drummer and boys being hired by the bountiful landlord of the *Jolly Topers*) all conſpired to go in batalia to ſtorm the mill, bring away the Peer by force, and not only ſo, but to pull down the buildings, for fear the ſaid

mill ſhould undermine their trade; and moreover, if they could catch the Rector, Doctor, and the young fellows that had been at work amongſt them, they reſolved to drown them all in their ditch, to prevent farther miſchief—To this laudable end, having procured a cart, on which Fire-face placed the fag end of a butt of beer, to ſpirit up his crew when they came to action; the whole poſſe marched forward—The *Hoſt* of the Jolly Topers led the van, Red Noſe, his drawer, followed, Prim Pimp, and a leaſh of proſtitutes were at their heels; the Drummer next, with his drum, the Butchers with their marrow bones and cleavers; a hundred idle ſilly boys cloſed the cavalcade, and they arrived at the gate of the meadow and ſummoned the men of the mill to ſurrender at diſcretion, gave them two hours to conſider of the matter, ſwore, by Bacchus, if in that time they did not ſurrender, the mill ſhould go down to the earth, and they would give no quarter, and that the Rector, Doctor, or whoſoever reſiſted, ſhould be inſtantly drowned in the ditch—mean time, boys, ſays Fire-face, to keep up your ſpirits and cheer your hearts, we'll tap and drink this butt of good ale here

—The

—The cup was handed about, they ſoon got dreadfully drunk, and then, with all their force, puſhed open the gate, and entered the meadow; but, *being drunk, they could not contemplate*; however, they ſtaggered half way from the gate towards the mill. When Hodge and all his people (ſome armed as aforeſaid, others not armed) Hodge at their head, arrived there, Hodge forgetting his lameneſs leaped over the hedge, he entered the meadow and the mill, crying out, halloo! here! where's my Rector? where's the Doctor? where's all your people? are ye alive? where's the mob? what's the matter?—The Rector calmly ſtepped forward, the Doctor followed, and told Hodge, the mob, with Fire-face at their head, were then in the meadow drawing near the mill—But, ſays the Doctor, we have barricaded the door, ſo that we think they cannot get in—Get in, ſays, Hodge, (d'ye mind) open the door, Parſon, that we on t'other ſide may get out and have at them—I don't fancy your mill much, it makes a deal of outcry, but I love you my old friends, I think you better than thoſe that threaten you, and if you be worſe, the Devil (obſerve ye) muſt be in you—Here, Robin,

Robin, my ſon! where's your pitchfork—Father, ſays he, I don't truſt in ſuch arms—You puppy, you! well (ſays Hodge) we can manage it without ye, only open the door Bob, I long to be at them—Robert did ſo; Hodge and all his armed ſervants (who were but few) marched out, and ſoon met Mr. Fire-face with his motley mob, in the meadow—Hodge began to contemplate (ſuch was the nature of the place) but he had not time to contemplate much, for Fire-face and his troop were at hand; therefore, Hodge, having his conſtable's ſtaff in one, and the crab ſtick in the other hand, called out aloud—Hark ye every one of you mobbers, monſters, or whatever you are, I command you in the King's name (d'ye mind) to *halt*, and before you ſtir one ſtep farther tell us what buſineſs you have here, and what ye come for—Who's that? ſays Fire-face, give him an huzza my boys; halloo! huzza! they ſhouted huzza! huzza! a butt of beer—Fire-face for ever, and down with the mill; drown the Rector, duck the Doctor and all the crew, down with, down with them—When the noiſe ſomewhat abated, Hodge called again aloud, Fire-face, where are you?—

Here

Here I am! ſays Old Butts, who are you? what's that Old Hodge? I think I know your voice—Know my voice, ſays Hodge, yes, and I know you from head to foot, you, ye ſwaggering ſwill-tub—how dare you come here with your fiery face and carbuncle ſnout to deſtroy and to kill? if Beelzebub has an eldeſt ſon upon earth you are he, you carry fire in your countenance—Hark ye! Bridget, give me a match, that I may try to light it at the end of that ſot's noſe, and burn his empty ſcull to aſhes—Who have you got behind you? by the ſmell of his brandy-ſcented breath I think 'tis that raſcal Red-noſe—And who's next? an't it your Pimp? the gallows, you three villains, have groaned years for you (obſerve ye) you know I know you, and in the *King's name*, (mind ye) I command you, one and all of you, inſtantly to diſperſe, and ſtagger to your homes, or by all the authority of a conſtable (who might charge every body, or any body, to muſter amongſt us) I vow, this ſtaff and this crab ſtick, together with the arms my people are furniſhed with, ſhall, if poſſible, drive Lucifer out of you; and, moreover, if you reſiſt, we'll take you priſoners, and ſet you all

all o'the ſtocks—I defy you, you old hobbling ſon for a w——! exclaimed Fire-face, and with that, threw his pewter tankard at Hodge's head, which gave him a ſevere ſous o'the noddle—Hodge uplifted his ſtaff, and with one ſtroke brought Fire-face to the ground, his foreman encountered Red-noſe, his ſecond man Prim Pimp, his third firſt kicked out the bottom of the drum, and ſecondly, drummed upon the back of the drummer with his fork-ſhaft; the female ſervants plucked off hats, caps, pads, cauls, curls, and every thing from the heads of the lewd wenches, and ſet them a capering with their rock ſtaffs; in ſhort, the mob ſoon drew back, old Fire-face bawled out aloud, he was killed already—Red-noſe ſcreamed blood! broken bones! murder! Prim Pimp bent his marrow bones and begged for his life, proteſted he was let into this ſcrape by the old ſcoundrel his maſter, but never would he, to his laſt gaſp, procure another wench, or join another mob if it would oblige the whole town; for, ſays he, my opinion is, they are all wicked—Lay hold of them! ſays Hodge, lay hold of them! I myſelf can baſte a dozen of them, put them all in

the

the ſtocks!—But by this time feeling the blows, and beginning to grow ſober, they all ſtaggered out of the meadow; Hodge finding them fled, returned to the mill—The Rector, Doctor, the Peer, young men, and all the family, expreſſed their hopes that neither Hodge or his ſervants had got harm—Harm! ſays Hodge (d'ye ſee) we might have got harm enough for all you, for you did us no good; but (obſerve ye) I love the Doctor and Rector, and all of you, but your mill makes ſuch a noiſe I adviſe you to take it down yourſelves, ſell the materials, and let us hear no more of the matter.

The Rector and the Doctor ſmiled—the young men ſaid, they wiſhed Hodge himſelf was ground—I believe you are all a good ſort of folks, ſaid he, but I don't like grinding; however, whilſt I can hobble to defend you they ſha'n't knock you o'the head; you do them no harm. So Hodge and his family departed to their farm, and the people at the mill, after entering the oratorial ward, with thankſgiving for deliverance, retired to reſt, and from that time their adverſaries were ſo abaſhed, that they gave up Lothario, and the works of the mill went on in peace.

CHAPTER VI.

A further account of Lord Lothario, and notice of another great perſonage, one Farmer George, &c. &c. *who came to the mill.*

AT the time of the riot, Lord Lothario being in the oratorial ward, heard nothing of the buſtle—When at night he was informed of the particulars by the people of the place, he ſaid—I do not wonder—Fire-face and the reſt muſt be alarmed at miſſing me—*Lady Rittle Rattle* too is no doubt diſcompoſed, as my appearance and purſe, gave life to her midnight revels—but I have done with them all, I ſeek more of what I never taſted 'till I came here—Peace of mind is the portion I pant for—my conſtitution is injured and my caſh ſquandered—my real eſtate alſo is mortgaged, but I do not deſpair—I will paſs through theſe wards, and either return to my poſſeſſions a new man, or periſh here.

He

He was as good as his word—He paſſed through all the operations of the mill—he became a new creature—he reflected much upon an event that happened in his earlier days; he had injured a chaſte beautiful young Lady, of family, though not of fortune, by breach of his promiſe to wed her—She had long been pining away as a recluſe on account of Lothario—Says the Peer I wronged her then and will marry her now, it is all the amends I can make her; ſo, with unbounded thanks to *the Chief Operator*, the Rector, Doctor, and people of the mill, he departed, ſending Joſeph before him to tell his people, their Lord was coming home—ſoon he arrived; he directed Joſeph to ſee, that all things about him were conducted decently—His commands were chearfully obeyed, all things ſmiled around him, peace, regularity, and ſobriety now met at Lothario's hall—His old land-ſteward rejoiced—his mortgages were ſoon diſcharged—he ſent for the amiable girl, proteſted his penitence, and being again believed, ſhe gave him her hand, and they were married—From that period the Bride and Bridegroom (for ſhe had been at the mill) went hand in hand, to make themſelves and

all about them (by example and acts of benevolence) honeſt, hopeful, and happy; the iſſue of the marriage at preſent is an only ſon—we wiſh him to enjoy his father's benefits and his mother's virtues. Old Fire-face, at the *Jolly Topers*, ſoon broke (his wife had not cared much if he had broke his neck, for he forced her into that lewd way of life) —Red Noſe, the drawer, drank himſelf to death—Prim, the pimp, commenced pick-pocket, and was tranſported—The wenches at the inn became ſtreet-walkers, and were committed to the houſe of correction, where we ſhall leave them, in hopes of amendment, to take notice of another great perſon who came to the mill.

There lived in a large town hard by the mill a moſt opulent farmer, called by ſome FARMER GEORGE, a truly reſpectable perſon, and his dame was one of the moſt amiable women in the world; they had a large family of the loveliеſt children the county could boaſt of, and for many years led a life (as ſome ſaid) of uninterrupted proſperity—

but,

but, as the largeſt lap can never latch a lot without a crook, ſo our farmer and family anon found, ſeveral occurrences that grieved and perplexed them, eſpecially the farmer himſelf, who, it is thought, laid ſome of the *diſagreeables* too near his honeſt heart—he became ſore vexed, and did not carry the eaſe upon his countenance that heretofore he wore. Mrs. George (who, by the bye, ſome think, had herſelf been before at the mill, but ſecretly) was the firſt who diſcovered the violent agitation of her beloved's mind; ſhe watched his motions with all the tenderneſs of one who thought ſhe could not *live* if he was *loſt*.

The farmer, to ſhake off the fatigue of abundant buſineſs, and get rid of a throng of ſervants who perpetually peſtered him for directions, wandered alone thro' part of his farm-lands, as far as the meadow—the gate happened to be open, and he walked in—very ſoon he began, with greater attention than ever, to contemplate—A dark cloud, which at that inſtant hung directly over his head, ſo affrighted him, that, to hide himſelf, and get out of the rain, which fell freely, he ran he knew not where; but eſpying

pying one of the *wards* of the mill, to which he was haſtily approaching, open, he ran into it for ſhelter; it was the Ward of Trial. Here the Doctor going his rounds in the evening, with the Rector, found the diſtreſſed farmer—both recognized his countenance, and the Rector inſtantly ſaid—Farmer George, peace be unto thee—The Doctor, who attentively obſerved him, approached with a bow, to feel his pulſe, but George, inſtead of holding out, lifted up his arm, and in the anguiſh and flurry of his mind, knocked down the Doctor flat on his back—The Rector was a little alarmed at this, but the Doctor aroſe with a ſmile; I know his caſe, ſays he—I have received no harm, we muſt deal gently with him—The people of the mill hearing a noiſe, ſoon came; they ſaid they knew and reverenced the farmer—Mrs. George (his wife) was ſent for, ſhe flew to her Lord (for ſo ſhe often called him) George knew *her*—the children, one and all, ſoon as they heard of the ſtate of their father, and where he was ſheltered, came running to the mill; every one eager to ſoften his ſorrows, and waive his woes; the eldeſt ſon, a more noble ſpirited youth (ſome juvenile

foibles

foibles apart) the town ne'er ſaw, was pierced to the heart with the moſt poignant grief for his father—The head ſervants at the farm-houſe began to beſtir themſelves, for a report had reached them, that he was beſide himſelf—A conſultation was held—the whole town was in conſternation, moſt men lamented the farmer's hard caſe; many ſaid, they were ſure he could never recover—in ſhort, tho' not naturally, yet he was already legally dead, and, therefore, another perſon ought to manage the farm, and who was ſo fit as his *eldeſt ſon*.

Two (or more) of the chief labourers, however, were of a different opinion, they ſaid, whilſt the old farmer was alive, his eldeſt ſon had no more right to manage the buſineſs than the ſervants had; they ſaid, the *leaſe* of the farm itſelf would bear them out, and juſtify them in ſo ſaying—Wilkinſon, the head man, behaved rudely, and thunderer, the ſecond man, roughly, to the ſon; but their behaviour ſprung not from an averſion to the heir, but partly from the natural fear of convulſive changes, which might affect themſelves; and moſtly, from an *attachment to the father*; on theſe accounts, therefore,

fore, they ſeem very excuſable—Some others of the ſervants, however, (out of employment) rigorouſly combated the ſtrange doctrine, and inſiſted upon it, that, according to the leaſe, right reaſon, juſtice, and common ſenſe, during the father's incapacity, the ſon ought to ſtand in his ſhoes—all was confuſion, for the head men were perſuaded, if the ſon ſhould be ſuffered to vault into the father's ſaddle, if he did not ride over, yet, he would certainly put *them* out of employment, and take in others—In the interim, the conduct of the heir deſerved, and gained him *univerſal applauſe*; the openneſs of his heart never appeared before in a point of view ſo applaudably brilliant—*God* ſave my father, ſays he, let him live, and whilſt he lives, I am contented to rule, or not rule—take care of my father!—Mrs. George would never leave him without compulſion, and when forced to do ſo, her laſt look on her Lord forced out tears; moſt of the people at the great town and ſuburbs (ſtrange as it may ſeem) hearing the deplorable ſtate of the head man of the place, mourned, and drew up many petitions to the *Chief Operator* at the mill for his recovery.

One

One day it happened, when the ſtewards, team-drivers, threſhers, and about ſeventy of the farmer's ſervants were at the mill, conſulting about what was to be done with their *Maſter*, *Miſtreſs*, the *Son* and the farm; Old Hodge, having heard a deal of ſtrange news, waddled down to the place, and finding the Rector, Doctor, &c. bluntly demanded of them—Where is Farmer George? He is within, ſaid they, but he is ſadly, you cannot ſee him—But I will ſee him, ſays Hodge, (d'ye mind) why ſhould I not?—Becauſe he has much company with him—Well then (obſerve ye) ſays Hodge, one more can make no great difference, I wiſh to ſee him myſelf (d'ye mind) for I love him—he's not yet got into your hopper (as you call it) I ſuppoſe, is he?—No, friend Hodge, ſaid the Rector, I wiſh he was; but as you are ſo earneſt, come along, the Doctor and I will introduce you—They did ſo—Hodge found him ſitting on a ſofa in the *ward of trial*, and in the avenue all his ſervants were in the act of *argumentation*—Well, ſays Hodge (to the firſt man he met) how is, where is, my friend, your maſter?—Honeſt countryman, ſaid the ſervant, my maſter is *mad*—Ay, ſays Hodge, I

do not wonder, here's enow of ye (d'ye mind) to make any man mad—I have been half mad myſelf ſometimes, with ſuch folks as you are; but (obſerve ye) I am brought a bit to myſelf again—where's his wife? where's his ſon? and where's the other children? with their father, ſaid the ſervant—Well then let me peep at them all (d'ye mind) and ſo he did.

Farmer George was ſitting in a declining poſture, leaning his aching head on his conſort's boſom; the eldeſt ſon ſet by him in tears, all the other children were ſobbing around him; the general cry of the whole family was, Oh! my Lord, my Huſband! Oh! my Father, my Father!—The ſervants, mean time, full of arguments, were debating, whether *themſelves* or the *ſon* ſhould carry on the buſineſs —Look ye! ſays Hodge, that there woman is a charming dame—that youth (d'ye mind, foibles apart) is a brilliant boy—all them there lovely children are amiable—and you, the ſeventy ſervants, may be well enough in your ways, but I doubt you love *meat* as well as *maſter*—Look you here! if my friend the farmer cannot do buſineſs, his ſon ſhould ſtep into his place 'till he gets well to be ſure— For (d'ye mind) ſuppoſe I was as he is, if

my

my ſervants were to treat my ſon as you do his (odds and ends boys) if I got well again, I ſhould never thank you—and depend upon it the youth on't thank you, whether his father lives or dies; but it runs in my head-piece (d'ye mind) that you had better go home, get your ſuppers, and take a nap, for (unleſs I augur wrong) if the Farmer be left amongſt the folks here at the mill, he will get well again, and drive on buſineſs as briſk, perhaps briſker than ever.

The ſervants thought Hodge a ſtrange homely fellow, but, however, having done conſulting, they retired—The Rector wondered, the Doctor ſmiled, Dame George, the heir, and children, returned, for the night, to the farm; the farmer was left with the Rector and Doctor to be quiet in the ward of trial; where, for a time, we ſhall leave him, in order that in chapter the 7th we may preſent you with what you don't expect.

CHAPTER VII.

A mad ſcene, &c. &c. or ſlight view of the inſide of Bethel, alias Bedlam.

ONE of Farmer George's ſervants over officious, firmly believing his maſter was mad, concluded bedlam muſt be the beſt place for him, and ſlyly ſlipping away from the mill, ſteered his courſe to the great building, ſolely appropriated for the reception of lunatics—He rapped at the door, the porter anon opened it, and he demanded, with a voice of ſome authority, a room in the houſe for his maſter; Why, Sir, ſays the porter to him, you muſt ſpeak to the Governor, the Governor will ſpeak to the Doctor, and the Doctor will direct the keeper to ſhew you a proper ward for your Maſter, if he thinks him, when he ſees him, an object of charity—Charity! ſays the ſervant, we will have our maſter well taken care of, but we don't want charity; we ſhall pay you well for Farmer George's lodgings, if you can do him any good,—but let me be ſhewn to a place where he can be taken good care of, for a better

a better Maſter I ſhall never have—Well, ſays the porter, I will call the keeper, you ſhall ſee the wards; and if one be empty, do but get a ticket from the Doctor, and your Maſter may be brought here as ſoon as you like; I ſhall adviſe you, however, to take a ſhort jacket for him, one that, if it be properly put on, (I'll ſhew ye how) will confine his arms and hands, and prevent his doing miſchief to himſelf or any body elſe; you pay 10s. 6d. for it, and when it is returned you will have the half-guinea again; the ſervant paid for, and took the jacket on his arm, the keeper was called, and he took the ſervant with him, and ſhew him firſt, a ward, over the door of which, in large Roman characters, was written

The WARD of HOPELESS LOVE.

Let me look in, ſays the ſervant; the keeper opened the door; a window without glaſs, high in the wall, diſcovered a lovely youth, all but naked, ſtretched on the ſtraw; in his hand he held a curious twiſted knot, compoſed of the ſame materials that conſtituted his bed—The lunatic ſtarted upright;—Well Tom! ſays he, where's my Phillis?—

have

have you brought her?—we ſhall be married to-morrow;—Look Tom! for my part I am ready—here's her noſegay, (ſhewing the knot of ſtraw) and here's her ring, (holding up a link of his leg chain)——Come coy Phillis—Where's my father, mother, brother?—come along to the wedding,—Who are the Bride's maids, Tom?—tal, de ral.

Hair ſo black, and eyes ſo brown,
Heaving boſom ſoft as down;
Lips more red than cherries fine,
Cheeks whoſe bluſh will ſhame carmine;
Arms and hands as white as ſnow,
Graces move whene'er ſhe go,
Voice, 'tis muſic's mellow flow.

See! my Phillis; there ſhe paſs—Cruel, coy, but lovely laſs;—Holloo! you there; Halloo! You have ſtolen my wife, kidnappers!-thieves! robbers! I'll ſhoot you all to atoms!—And with that he threw a handful of ſtraw at the head of the keeper, and George's ſervant, and laid down exhauſted.—Shocked, he paſt that, and came to the ward of

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

There laid a beautiful laſs,—Straw never before bore ſuch tranſient treaſure—ſhe ſcarce lifted

lifted up her head, but ſoftly murmured—Strephon won my yielding heart, and then he ſoon forſook me; I ſwim here, on a glaſſy ſea, and ſhall ſoon ſink into an ocean of fire;—Ah! Strephon, I forgive thee; my loſt love I forgive thee—Nor do I wiſh thee to float upon this ſea of glaſs—nor to burn in yon boiling ocean,—Tom! (ſays ſhe to the keeper) d'ye know that Strephon has married the old rich widow?—Well, it was for her money—but money will not make my Strephon happy;—I heard the wedding bells ring, and they have almoſt diſtracted me—but—I wiſh them well;—good bye Tom.—She laid down her lovely head;—The keeper pulled George's ſervant away, for he ſtood like a frozen ſtatue, and they paſſed the other wards till they came to one called

The WARD of MISTRUST.

In this ward, cloſe up of a corner, with his back towards the door, ſat a meagre figure, ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed from a real ſkeleton; he held between his two hands a ſomething the ſervant could not tell what, and therefore he aſked the keeper what he held?—Why ſays the kind keeper, he hugs between

tween his hands his *Idol*, or in other words, his *Bag of Money*; ſpeak to him he'll tell his own tale:—Well father! ſays George's ſervant, How go times?—The lunatic firſt clenched his fiſts faſter, turned his head, and leering ſlyly upon him, muttered, O Lud! O Lud! I ſhall be ruined, ſtarved, periſhed! —I have loſt already *a ſhilling* out of my bag, —Give me the ſhilling, pray give me my ſhilling!—I cannot ſpare it—rags and ruination—I ſhall not have enough to carry me to the end of my journey, I ſhall come to the work-houſe, and if I do I am reſolved directly to hang myſelf!—Never you miſerable miſer, ſays George's ſervant, unleſs ſomebody gives you a halter.—And then old hunks was left, with leſs regret, and they ſoon came to

The WARD of AMBITION.

In this ward, a ſtrong robuſt perſon, rather in years, (a player by profeſſion) was found: he wore a moſt monſtrous high cocked hat, decked with feathers, and his coat was garniſhed with pieces of gilt Dutch paper—He was walking to and fro, in a moſt commanding manner, and as ſoon as he ſaw the keeper

and

and George's ſervant, he exclaimed, Hear! ſlaves! hear! know your maſter! know ye raſcals that I am Lord of Lapland—I married the Auguſt Princeſs—Ruttee—Rodunta—Roundelay—Rumpus—Imperiality; ſhe bore me ſeven children, all of them, except one, are dead, but in the calendar they are—tranſlated to the ſkies, and ſhine there as planets of the firſt magnitude; my chief Lord, the Lord Lowſtrings, aiming at my throne, conſpired againſt me to un-king me, and put me to death, but I defeated him, and ſlew, with my own arm, ten thouſand rebels upon the ſpot. The *Country Boors*, however, thought I oppreſſed them, and, therefore, they alſo roſe up in arms againſt me, they overpowered, and then baniſhed me from my Queen, my child, my empire, and my all; ſo here I am in a ſtrange place, Tom, where all I can do is, to ſing out my miſeries ———————— after a long pauſe (the Player, or) the Man of Ambition ſung the following

SONG,

Ranta-Tanta, Roar'em Ranta,
Flaſhes, flames, and ſorrows plenty,
Waters, winds, and ſnow ſtorms daſh us,
Rocks and hills and mountains craſh us;

Now we're toſs'd on burning ſeas,
Now knock'd down by falling trees;
Lapland Witches—ſhrivell'd Wizzards,
Burn our hearts and freeze our gizzards.

But, Tom! I will be King over Lapland after all, or I'll loſe my whole fortune—Keeper! get me my crown, ſceptre, and ring,—I ſhall hold a Court to day. He ſaid ſo—threw up his hat, and marched again moſt majeſtically—The ſervant of George, aſtoniſhed at what he had ſeen and heard, returned the jacket, took the half guinea again, and ſaid to himſelf—My Maſter ſhall never come here; I'll return to the mill, and ſee what is become of him.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VIII.

Some further account of Farmer George—*of his wonderful recovery—And of other matters.*

BE pleaſed to recollect, retentive reader, that at the end of Chapter the 6th, we left the good Farmer George in the ward of Trial, with the Rector, the Doctor and the people of the mill—we now return to him, and are charged by the attendants there to inform you, that for the firſt few weeks he bore his trials variouſly; at ſome ſeaſons he was penſive and patient, at others obſtreperous, or outrageous; ſundry practitioners voluntarily offered their ſervices—others were called in and ſent there by the head labourers at the farm—the family were all anxiety for the event—divers conſultations were held—ſundry different experiments tried—ſome inſinuated, that it was improper to call him *Farmer George*, or to approach or treat him as a *ſuperior*; others inſiſted, that

he ought to be treated, and muſt and ſhould be treated with tenderneſs and profound reſpect, and that at all events his ſervants ought to be kept at a diſtance, (one or two favourites now and then excepted) and that they ought not to be ſuffered to teaze him about their ſeveral oppoſite modes of carrying on the buſineſs; at length the latter, for a time, prevailed—He was humoured often, and he began (at the time a report prevailed he was *dead*, or all but dead) again to become calm, and to lift up his revered head—the Rector moved to place him in the *oratorial* ward, the Doctor acquieſced, and intended from thence to conduct him to the *watch* and other *wards*—the young men and people at the mill argued ſtrongly to have him paſs through *all* the works—He was led forth to the river, and drank; to the rivulet, and taſted of the ſtreams; he became almoſt inſtantaneouſly invigorated—He propoſed to ſit down on the ſeat or pedeſtal, to paſs thro' the mill, and then, ſays he, *farewell farm*, I'll yield the buſineſs to my eldeſt ſon—My land, fertile in itſelf, by unſkilful management in ſome of my former ſervants, have brought forth two many briars and thorns—

may

may my ſon's huſbandry bring forth better things. We have a good cottage on the borders, that will do for my dear dame, my youngeſt children, and myſelf—I will retire, and live upon a ſmall portion of the profits of my farm in peace—Dame George, hearing her huſband's wiſh, came into the ſcheme—the youngeſt children conſented—the plan was ripening for execution, when lo! the chief labourers, who had gained intelligence of the plan, came in a body to the mill—thev rejoiced (they ſaid) that their maſter was better—they were ſure it would be improper and impolitic in him to decline buſineſs; they averred, that he was now well able to hold the reins again—and even if his nerves (at times) ſhould be found feeble; their ſtrong hands ſhould help him—In ſhort they inſiſted upon his immediate removal from the mill—the Rector adviſed—the Doctor remonſtrated—the people on the ſpot implored, that the farmer might not be taken away till he had received the *full benefit* of the mill-operations; but it was all to no purpoſe; the ſervants had *(a priori)* brought with them the farm carriage to the ſpot, they had previouſly prevailed upon their dame and young

young maſter to accompany them, and join in ſolicitations for his removal to the farm; the farmer overcome by intreaties, having the good of *all* at heart, yielded to be taken from reſt and retirement again, to walk in thoſe weighty ways of buſineſs, which before had been too heavy for his feeble frame —However, juſt before his departure, at the very inſtant he was about to mount his farm curry, Farmer Hodge, on foot, came up to the mill, and finding his ſervants in the act of removing the *great farmer*, exclaimed—Hark ye! what is my friend George agoing? Let me aſk a queſtion (obſerve ye) *has he been ground down here?*—Is he young and ſtrong again? why, Maſter (Hodge) anſwered Wilkinſon, Thunderer, and the reſt of them, he's got ſo ſtrong, that he can do his buſineſs well enough, with our help; and he is not ſo *old* yet as to require grinding—Well! well! replied Hodge, but truly I have heard and ſeen ſo much of this here mill, that I intend to be ground myſelf, and I wiſh your maſter to be ground rightly before he goes, but if that can't be, then I pray ye, that half a ſcore of you his truſty ſervants, who, by the look of ye (d'ye mind

mind) appear old enough for grinding, would abide here a bit, by way of good company, and ſtep (obſerve ye) into the hopper with me myſelf, ſo that we may (mind ye) all be ground together, we can hardly grind for the worſe boys—But all the ſervants (a very few excepted) anſwered, our full employment at the farm takes up our heads and hearts too much to beſtow a thought about his grinding mill, and, moreover, Maſter Hodge, we are not yet old enough for grinding—An't you? ſays Hodge, you may have a mill upon your yonder great farm; and belike ſome ſay, you have, and that moſt of you are too *old* for us all, becauſe you take too much toll of your cuſtomers; but then (d'ye mind) however that may be, take my advice, and henceforth don't grind your poor neighbours ſo hard, leſt by overgrinding you ſet your mill faſt and hurt your trade ſo much, that they in their turn may make themſelves millers, and grind you. One of the moſt talkative of George's tribe ſtepped forward to Hodge, and ſaid, old hobbler, look at my countenance—poor old fellow, your eyes are dim, or you might ſee in a moment that I am perfectly young yet—

Boy,

Boy, (returned Hodge) dim as my eyes are, I can ſee that ſoft pulpy place in your ſcul-cap, and dare venture to vouch for you, (Mr. Impertinence) that you are like to be young as long as you live, child.

Here the converſation ended—Farmer George, the family and ſervants, drove away, and, tho' ſtrange to ſome, yet certain it is, he received ſo much benefit at the mill, that from the day of his return to this day he has been enabled to conduct and carry on his buſineſs, as well, perhaps better than before.

N. B. Pity he was not ſuffered to go thro' (as he wiſhed to do) all the operations of this wonderful mill.—

The grateful Farmer George rewarded the Doctor and people at the mill *moſt bountifully*.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IX.

Lord and Lady Faſhion—A Philoſopher and a brace of Lawyers come to the mill—Curious converſation pieces, &c.

WELL-founded reports of the recovery of the great Farmer, Lothario, and ſundry others, ſo filled the minds of the men on the other ſide the mill, that prodigious numbers came up to the meadow gate to reconnoitre its ſcite and ſituation, and ſo many opened and ſhut, and ſhut and opened it, that by order of the *Great Operator*, ſignified to the Rector, Doctor, and the reſt at the mill, a porter was ſtationed there with orders to examine all thoſe who aſked admiſſion, previouſly to their entering the meadow—One of the aforeſaid young men was appointed to the important office, whoſe name was *Peter*; he took his ſtation with a willing mind, and had the charge of the keys, for the gate had a double lock—Soon after he was fixed there, numbers of *thinking* people came, all of

whom were readily admitted, moſt of them were ground down, and returned with joy; others came only to gaze and to hear—Amongſt whom were the following characters:

A Lord and a Lady of Faſhion.

A Lord and Lady of faſhion came lolling in their chariot and ſix to the gate—a laced footman, finer than even his maſter, came galloping up before them, and ordered the ſaid Peter to open the gate directly, for, ſays he, the carriage will be here in a moment—Pray, ſays Peter, whoſe carriage is it?—You blunt fellow you, ſays he, open the gate, 'tis the illuſtrious Lord and Lady Faſhion's chariot—I'll wait till it comes up, ſays Peter—ſo he did—it was ſoon there—and his Lordſhip, more civil than his ſervant, requeſted the porter to open the gate, that he and his Lady might take a turn in the meadow, and view the mill; for, ſays his Lordſhip, we have heard much of the mill, and if the thing be faſhionable it ſhall have our patronage.

Great Sir, ſays Peter, the faſhion of the mill is truly *good*, but 'tis very *old*, and we ſeldom find people of faſhion paſs through it

it—However, he opened the gate, and the carriage entered the meadow—his Lordſhip and the Lady were drove up to the mill—but the Peer, having an engagement at the Taylor's to fit a laced levee ſuit, and her Ladyſhip at the milliner's, to pop on a French-faſhioned cap, they declared upon their honours it was impoſſible at that time either to alight or ſtop, and therefore, the vehicle being turned round, they were drove out of the meadow; but, however, before they reached the gate, contemplation ſo far overtook them, that his Lordſhip ſaid, he thought the mill a good contrivance for ſome ſort of people, and my Lady added, it may be ſo for the meaner claſſes, but the ſituation (ſays ſhe) is ſo low my Lord, and the meadow ſo moiſt, that I have caught my death here already, or, if I live, I ſhall not be able to ſee company this fortnight—Let the fellow drive home my Lord—I ſhake already, and am afraid, by the effects of this meadow (of contemplation) I ſhall ſoon be ill; pray, my Lord, let us get out of this bog, and if I ſhould live to get home, I am reſolved never to come again a grinding—Why it is a ſtrange place, anſwered my Lord, I feel I know not

how myſelf—Drive on! John—So they returned—and the men of the mill ſaw them no more.

The next who entered was a hair-brained Philoſopher—he came with a moſt profound and ſagacious air—What is your name, Sir? (ſays he to the Porter)—Peter!—Oh, Peter, I have read in an old volume of a name-ſake of yours, who wore a girdle about his loins, on which was ſuſpended a brace of keys; but I believe no ſuch fables; pray how old are you? Old enough to be better than I am, ſays Peter, but not old enough to think myſelf ſo worthy as the Peter you talk of—Ignorant fellow, ſays the Philoſopher, I have made nature my ſtudy for at leaſt theſe fifty years, philoſophy, chemiſtry, and a hundred other curious arts are as eaſy to me as telling my fingers—you have got here a new noſtrum of a mill, to delude the vulgar and impoſe upon the credulous, by making them believe, if they are ever ſo old, they may be ground young again—I am come not to *try*, but to *ſee* and examine the parts, and confute the

the whole proceſs of your mill; and before I enter the meadow, if you'll tell me your age I'll diſcloſe to you ſomething more rare and ſingular than all the ſecrets of your famous machine.—Sir, ſays Peter, (with all your learning, I queſtion if you *know yourſelf*, however) I ſhall be 57 years of age next July—Well then (ſays the man of philoſophical experiments) you have paſſed through at leaſt five revolutions—all your exterior parts are renewed without grinding, about once in ten years, or leſs, by nature—your head, hair, heart, loins, legs, feet, your every thing, are not the ſame they uſed to be—the old ones are evaporated, and new ones ſprung up in their places—your head, you ſee, is half as big again as it was forty-ſeven years ago—you have loſt your locks—they firſt were flaxen, next brown, and thoſe now on your ſcalp are half of them whiteiſh; anon your head (when theſe fly off) will be covered with hollow tubes, as white as ſnow; your heart is vaſtly altered from what it was—worn down theſe laſt thirty years, by actions ſyſtole and diaſtole, taking in and pumping out the blood—aſſiſting the ſtomach in boiling down the food and ſtewing what you eat

eat till it becomes chyle, &c. forcing the red fluid of life, in which the ſoul (ſo called) lodges, through all the veins, &c. I ſay, by this continual labour it has ſent away itſelf, and another, and another, in rotation, has ſucceſſively taken up its place, ſo that your preſent heart is not yet ten years old—Your loins have been replaced with new ones five times over, and as to your hands and feet, why, they are no more the ſame hands and feet they uſed to be than your nails are the ſame nails—and you know yourſelf (don't ye) if you chip your (corns and) nails once a fortnight, they will be chipped away in the courſe of one year, one month, three weeks, ſix days, twenty-three hours, fifty-nine minutes, and forty-nine ſeconds, according to the accurate account or calculation of Monſ. de Ranta Tanta, nail-cutter to the Grand Monarch; therefore, thoſe under your gloves and ſtockings muſt be new ones, not a fortieth part ſo old as yourſelf—And ſo I argue, that you are not the ſame Peter you formerly was, five Peters at leaſt have had your appearance—and in ten years more you will be ſuch another kind of Peter, that he who ſees you now will not know you (if he ſees you then,

nor

nor will you be known exactly till you get round again.

And pray, Sir, says Peter, have I any immortal part about me?

Immortal! alas poor silly man (answered the Philosopher) if by immortal you mean the *soul*, I told you before it was lodged in the blood, and if the blood runs all out of the body, as Aristotle wisely observed, the soul will be left behind to *pick straws*; why, in one sense of the word, all things (as he affirms) even the world itself is immortal, that is, it will endure for ever—For by a lucky assemblage of combining atoms, drove by a chance wind in hotch potch together, this world was made, and so long as said winds blow (and they will blow for ever) the world will be sustained. As to the romantic stories you have heard of its being drowned by water heretofore, and of its being to be burnt by fire hereafter, they are arrant forgeries, delusions and cunning priest's cheats; for the truth is, *all things are material* (as Doctor Priestley avows)—Why, Peter, the world itself is made up of materials, some of them much like ore, or clay. The bodies of men, beasts, insects, and even vegetables are also

made

made up of materials; and even your ſoul itſelf is as ſurely made up of matter, as the ſoles of your ſhoes are compoſed of a bark-impregnated ox-hide—You are and muſt be immortal as well as I, and all others are; for we can prove by chemical demonſtrable operations, and by (pounding) decompounding, or analyſing bodies, that they are all made up, or conſtituted, of certain combined matters, that is to ſay, of earth, water, fire, oils, and certain ſalts, all which came from ſomewhere, and when, by unforeſeen accidents or changes, they ſhall be ſeparated again, they go ſomewhere—Nothing will be annihilated, for depend upon it, part of your body will return to earth, part to air, part to fire, part (perhaps the largeſt part) to water, part to oil, and part to ſalts or ſulphur. As to your ſoul, as you call it, it is nothing at all but fiery, or phlogiſticated air, which came from the original fire, and will return, when quenched (that is when you die, Peter) to the ſaid original fountain of fire, and there remain, 'till by a lucky blow of fate's, or nature's bellows, your conſtituted parts will be re-united, and a thouſand years hence you may ſtand again at

this

this gate, if it abides ſo long, exactly the ſame man you are now, Peter.

Well, ſays Peter, many are the errors of this age, but from your philoſophical frenzies,

Good Lord Deliver us.

Go to the mill, you will find plain honeſt youths there, who will prove, to your ſhame, your notions are chimerical, and yourſelf the dupe of them.

A Lawyer, commonly called Mr. Sampſon Smart, alias Quirks, the attorney, next came to the gate and demanded of Peter an opening; the porter, by his green bag and parchment ſcrolls, gueſſed his profeſſion, and gently requeſted for what end he wiſhed to enter—You, Sir, ſays he, none of your interrogatories, I am a Gentleman of his Majeſty's Court of ———————— and am continually ſuppoſed to be in Court, only in matters of infinite neceſſity I get leave of abſence for eleven months in the year, or more, to ſcrape up, create, or get employment, and being often overwhelmed with buſineſs ſo much, that if I could be cut and ſplit as often as a polype, every part would have double employment; I now haſte

here, almoſt out of breath, for I have twenty more engagements to day—I ſay, I haſted here to give notice, that the people of yonder place have inſtructed me to diſpoſſeſs the crew who harbour on this notorious ſpot, and therefore I command you to ope the gate, that I may walk in the meadow, view the mill, and take my meaſures to bring an *ejectment*, in which, like all other fictions in law, I ſhall declare all I pleaſe, and prove all I can againſt your Rector, (Quack) Doctor, and all your fraternity; and in the end turn you out of poſſeſſion, ſo that I may procure peace to the country, and veſt the premiſes in the original right owners and their heirs—And mind this, you Mr. Porter, as this mill was erected in that meadow by you and others the conſpirators, before you iſſued or ſued out the ancient writ of *ad quod damnum*, I am as ſure to carry the cauſe at the bar, as my clients are to keep their coats on their backs.

The moment Peter heſitated about opening the gate to Mr. Quirks, came from the mill up to ſaid gate another lawyer, who had been ground there many years before, and who very frequently reſorted to the mill,

and

and converſed with the people; his name (given him by his employers) was, Bartholomew Black-ſwan, he lived on accommodation ſquares, and was up to the chicanery of Quirks—Peter who knew him, with a low bow repeated the aforeſaid converſation, and aſked whether he ſhould ope the gate to Quirks, or deny him entrance—My friend, Peter, ſays Black-ſwan, ope the gate, let him enter, it may do him good—but before he comes into the meadow, I'll ſpeak to him—He did ſo, and the following converſation enſued between the two lawyers.

Quirk—Oh! the gate is opened, I ſee, to let you out, but, Mr. What d'ye call your name, Why not *let me in*, Sir?

Black-ſwan—You have ſo often let in others, Mr. Quirks, that I wonder you ſhould aſk to be let in yourſelf.—*Quirks*, Pray, Sir, who are you?—Why, Sir, I'll come to you on that ſide the gate, perhaps you will then remember that you have ſeen me before; Black-ſwan did ſo—Oh, Sir, cried Quirks, I am glad to ſee you, two of a trade don't always agree, but you and I will never differ again, and, therefore, I'll

be ſo open as to tell you—I have orders from my clients to bring ejectments againſt the people at the mill, and I was juſt now telling the Porter ſo—I am infinitely happy to meet you Mr. Black-ſwan on the very ſpot—and if you will aſſiſt me with your advice, here will be pretty pickings for us both, and if we get the cauſe *(inter nos)*—we will go ſnacks—you ſhall have one half of the profits, I the other; and, moreover, Sir, I ſhall hold myſelf obliged to you as long as I ſhall be able to ſupport and practice *the glorious uncertainty of the law*—Mr. Quirks, replied Black-ſwan, I have been a lawyer, profeſſionally, more than thirty years—I have ſometimes undertook, as moſt lawyers do, matters I did not fully underſtand, nor is it perhaps poſſible for the moſt penenetrating mind, aſſiſted by the moſt retentive memory, to receive, digeſt, and infallibly determine upon all the innumerable, nice, and difficult points of law—Judges, themſelves, frequently differ in opinion—and an omniſcient lawyer, who underſtands the whole (though one lately dead was flatteringly ſo ſtyled) is not to be met with under Heaven

—But

—But we all know how to be *honeſt*, and to make doing by others as we wiſh to be done by, our *pole ſtar*—A lawyer, of this caſt, will always be ſupported; I have found it ſo in a greater degree than I ever merited; my leiſure hours, which were not too many, admitted me to ſtudy the memoirs of the mill—I have gone through all the operations—I am now happy, and more convinced than ever, a quirking lawyer is an harpy, who ſucks the very vitals of plaintiff, defendant, or both, the peſt of ſociety, or, in other words, a legal pick-pocket—I know you well—you are of that ſable complexion, and therefore, I adviſe you, Sir, to drop this unjuſt and vexatious law ſuit, or if you dare to proceed, I ſhall eſpouſe the honeſt cauſe of all the peaceable people at the mill—my duty, Sir, will compel me to defend them.

Quirks—My dear Mr. Black-ſwan, you ſeem to be in earneſt, but you totally miſunderſtood me—I did not mean to proceed unleſs you would have aſſiſted me (and why will you not?)—I ſay again, we might ſo *manage matters*, as to put ſome money into both

both our pockets, *whoever gets the cauſe*, but I ſee you are on the other ſide of the queſtion—ſo I'll go to my clients—give them my bill, and (if I can) get the money —I will never oppoſe you Mr. Black-ſwan, I admire your character, and would follow it, but my maſter, with whom I was clerk, has a thouſand times told me, *an honeſt lawyer cannot live*—Be that as it may, I drop the cauſe againſt the folks at the mill, and I am Mr. Black-ſwan, Sir, your moſt obedient, humble ſervant.

The Lawyers parted,

And we now part with this the 9th to begin the 10th Chapter.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER X.

An account of a remarkable quaker who came to the mill—an intereſting conteſt between him and Hodge—other perſons approaching, &c.

AFTER the departure of the lawyers, a decent dreſſed perſon approached the gate—there was a certain ſomething ſo ſingular in his appearance that it ſeems worth while to deſcribe his perſon—his dreſs—his converſation—and his behaviour.

As to his perſon, it was rather tall—his locks were grey, his forehead high and open, his eyes brilliant, noſe aquiline, complexion fair, lips vivid, chin ſmooth, head ſmall, and his face long; but his countenance was remarkably ſerious—commanding and reſpectful; from the ſhoulders downward he was well proportioned, ſymmetry ſeeming to ſet ſmiling on his perſon, his ſteps were grave, and all his movements graceful—His

dreſs

dreſs vied with that of a Prince in cleanlineſs and neatneſs, though not in embroidery or price—a large jetty broad-brimmed beaver covered his ſteady head, his neckcloth and linen where white as ſnow; his coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches were light drab, with a tinge, or hue of the olive; his ſtockings paired his garb; his ſhoes were plain black, and neatly tied with thong-leather; his gloves white, and his ivory-headed cane ſupported his right hand, in which he held his glove, whilſt the left hand was concealed by its fellow, both gloves were formed of thin kid-ſkin—in ſhort, he was what the folks without call *a Quaker*; when he came up to the gate, his converſation with Peter was as under:

Quaker—Peace be to thee friend—ope thy portal if thou pleaſeſt, that I may enter and ſee the ſons of peace at the mill.

Peter—I muſt examine thoſe who wiſh to enter, therefore, though your appearance is truly venerable, yet I pray you to tell me who you are?

Quaker—I am a friend.

Peter—A friend, to whom?

Quaker

Quaker—To all the people upon earth, but eſpecially to thoſe who have gone through the inward works, and who faithfully abide at the mill.

Peter—Have you been at this mill before?

Quaker—I have, friend, and hope ever to be thankful—the mill ground me years ago; it is truth, I fell on a ſtone there and was broken, had that ſtone fallen upon me it would have ground me to powder—But I was made whole—I have ever ſince been led in the right way, and I remain (through favour) whole to this day; ope the portal, I pray thee, friend, that I may enter and ſee the Rector, the Doctor and all the friends at the mill—I wiſh to commune with them again before I depart from this tabernacle, and to leave at the place a token of gratitude to the Chief Operator there, that the dwellers on the ſpot hereafter may know, the works of the mill are not the works of vanity or folly.

Peter ſoon opened the gate—the Quaker walked up, and found a warm reception—the Rector, Doctor, young men, and all the people there (Hodge excepted) ſoon knew him, and they welcomed him. But it ſo

happened that Hodge ſtumping in ſoon after, the current of converſation was quickly turned, for Maſter Hodge rather abruptly began upon the Doctor thus—

Hodge—Look ye here, Maſter Doctor, I came to ſee you and the Rector to-day, and (obſerve ye) I have had ſome inkling of being ground myſelf, but (d'ye ſee) I always chooſe my company—I can paſs through with thoſe ſort of people I like well and good, but if not, I ſhall e'en give up the matter (obſerve ye) for it runs in my noddle, that (as I told my wife Hannah) *under the roſe*, you are all *Quakers*—I wiſh for the Gentleman's excuſe, but pray maſter ſtranger let me aſk you if you are not of a leathern family—I mean (d'ye mind) are you not a-kin to *George Fox*, who was a rank (and belike the firſt) Quaker?

Quaker—Friend I know thee not—and thy blunt language might give ſome offence did I not know how to put up with it—but I was taught at the mill that patience which hath been of much uſe to me, and may'ſt be of ſome to thee, for I ſhall anſwer with that meekneſs thou canſt not claim nor well expect; and if thou wilt hear,

I feel

I feel *an opening* to tell thee the things which belong to thy preſent and future *peace.*

Hodge—Hark'e, Maſter Stranger, we uſed to be quiet enough, and every one jog on his own way, 'till this here mill came in vogue, but ſince that (d'ye mind) our peace has been broken in upon by hurly burlies, mobs and outcries; you talk about peace, but, obſerve, I am conſtable of the pariſh, and have had much to do of late to reſtore the King's peace—But don't ſlide from the point, anſwer the queſtion, are you not a relation of old Fox the Quaker?

Quaker—Not after the fleſh, or family, as 'tis called, but I have been led by the ſame light, and have received the ſame *ſpirit*, and the ſame conſolation, Friend George Fox did.

Hodge—Conſolation, ay, ay, I have heard (obſerve ye) a great deal of prattle about conſolation, and I have been hunting after it theſe thirty years—D'ye mind, ſtranger, I have wrought hard in my time, paid every man to a penny, brought up my family (a pretty large one) have never bilked my labourers who cut my corn and did my farm

work—I have helped the poor as well as I could, and have paid the Parſon's tithe too —but, after all, I never could catch that ſame conſolation. And ſince this here mill has been ſet a grinding, we have had ſo much pother, and my mind (d'ye ſee) have been ſo puzzled and peſtered, that I am farther off than ever; in ſhort, my wife, boys and girls, who ſay they have been ground here, have a great deal unhinged and unſettled me—to be ſure I have food, drink, and rayment; I can pay my rent too, but I want ſomething, I know not what (obſerve ye) to give me conſolation—Methinks, if this ſame mill was removed, and my ears no longer filled with grinding operations by my ſaid wife, the Rector, Doctor, and fifty more of thoſe ſort of folks, I ſhould come to my old centre again, and be ſatisfied.

Quaker—Friend, I believe thou haſt ſought *conſolation* from thine honeſty, uſefulneſs, and *the things of this world*—Honeſty and uſefulneſs are good, ſo far as they go, but they do not go far enough, nor can they together yield thee *inward* conſolation; turn the eye of thy mind, friend, to the *light within thee*, then ſhalt thou ſee clear, and be led in the way

way of *truth*. Moreover, thy heart ſhall be tendered by refreſhings from on high—thou ſhall ſoon come out of Egyptian darkneſs, and walk in the true light of life—I will converſe with thee, if thou pleaſeſt, more at large on theſe good things, but obſerving thou makeſt it a part of thy boaſt that thou payeſt *tithes* to thy Parſon, I muſt bear my teſtimony againſt that hireling practice, and declare unto thee, friend, thou ſuffereſt by paying; yea, that it is unlawful to pay the tenth of thy increaſe, commonly called *tithes*.

Hodge—Hey day! what! I thought you had been a friend to our Rector at the mill (d'ye mind).

Quaker—So in verity and uprightneſs I am, I eſteem the Rector and all at the mill ſo far as they eſteem the truth, and when any errs, he is the beſt friend who bears his teſtimony againſt errors—Thy Rector, in ſome points, may err. His certain ceremonies at yonder ſteeple-houſe, and his taking *tithes*, ſeem to me to be errors, and, therefore, I bear my teſtimony (I tell thee) againſt ſuch practices.

Hodge—

Hodge—Look ye here, as to the ſteeple-houſe, as you call it (obſerve ye) my father, grandfather, and all my family ('till ſome of them of late went a grinding) were ſtaunch churchmen, ſo am I myſelf a churchman to the bone, though, to tell you the truth I ſeldom go there; but, however, on Sundays I read my book at home, ſmoke my pipe, drink a pot of ſtingo with Tom Trylands, the farmer, and conſult what is beſt to be done the other ſix days of the week—I don't frequent tap-houſes (obſerve ye)—I don't ſwear, nor, in the lewd way, did I ever go aſtray—All my children have been *chriſtened*, and ſome of the firſt folks of the town (mind ye) were *godfathers* and *godmothers* to my boys and girls; few better chriſtians could been found in the country than they were, 'till it came into their nappers to go to the mill a grinding—ſince when they chatter about happineſs and I know not what, at ſo ſtrange a rate, that I cannot augur what has betided them.

Quaker—Friend, thou ſayeſt thou art a ſtaunch churchman; I teſtify unto thee, the true church is not compoſed of bricks, mortar,

mortar, wood and lead, but of very different materials.

Hodge—True, (obſerve ye) you are right, our church is built with great ſtones, daubed over with clay, and covered with ſtraw; as to the ſeels, the ſpars, and ſome of the ſeats, they are wooden enough (d'ye mind) and rotten enough too; for if you could eat after moths, maggots, and worms, you might crumble ſome of the wood-work into your diſh of pottage.

Quaker—And, therefore, thou canſt believe, that the church or ſteeple-houſe, can enter the kingdom of Heaven?

Hodge—No, it will ſoon (d'ye mind) tumble down to the earth, unleſs our townsfolks could be forced to repair it, but, however (obſerve ye) 'tis up-hill work to get money out of pockets where none is got in; and our people ſay (eſpecially my brother ſmall farmers) they have enough to do to pay *high rents*, *heavy taxes*, and *large rates*, to maintain the poor; without building new, or repairing old churches; and, for my own part, I ſhould not be troubled much, if the church was blown down, ſo that the ſteeple was left ſtanding, and our fine peal of eight bells

bells left behind; I ſhould not like to loſe the *bells*, for I have often tugged a rope at a peal of *bob-majors*, and am vaſtly proud of ringing.

Quaker—Thy mind is carnal—thou canſt not, or wilt not, underſtand me—I will therefore tell thee plainly, thou haſt more humour than ſerioufneſs, and thou pretendeſt thou doſt not, becauſe thou wilt not underſtand me.

Hodge—Hark ye, Maſter Quaker, don't turn out queer, I did underſtand you in part, and I owned our pariſh church (obſerve ye) ſooner than climb up to Heaven, would fall down to earth.

Quaker—But I teſtify unto thee, the ſteeple-houſe, built with bricks, mortar, wood, ſtraw, and ſo forth, is not a church.

Hodge—What a'nt it a church? But I ſay (obſerve ye) it is a church, our true pariſh church; and ſo long as it ſtands it will and ſhall be a church—you will not ſwear I dare think, that it is a Quaker's meeting-houſe?

Quaker—Friend, I obey the command—"Swear not at all"—But I wiſh thee to be ſerious—come to *inward ſtillneſs*, and thou may'ſt

may'ſt be convinced, that the true church, is conſtituted of *living ſouls*, ſpiritualized through divine favour, and made meet (or making meet) to become living ſtones of that ſpiritual building (far grander than Solomon's Temple) of that building, that is called, "*God's Houſe*," ſuch ſtones are the true people at this mill.

Hodge—Obſerve ye, I am not a *free maſon*, poor Hodge, knows no great matters about building, he knows ſomething, however, about repairing, and he hopes that his Landlord will ſoon thatch his old barn, ſo that his corn may be kept dry; and as you were talking about *not paying tithes*, and ſaying it was unlawful to pay them, if you can put me in a way to with-hold them (d'ye mind) *honeſtly*, I'll run up a lean-to againſt my barn's gable, at my own coſts, to lay my next year's crop of tithes in.

Quaker—Our friends in general look upon the payment of tithe as a matter of *ſuffering*, and therefore with-hold them from the hireling prieſts, though ſometimes they are ſeverely proſecuted and forced to yield to, or loſe by *Proctors* and *Lawyers* (the Miniſters of the *Spiritual Court* ſo called) more than

the Prieſts themſelves, in the firſt inſtance, would have demanded of them.

Hodge—Hark ye, Maſter Quaker, Hodge loves to be open, and will be open to you—When we had a Rector, an old, learned, lazy, muſty bachelor, cloiſtered up in a College, who took no more care of our ſouls than *Pope Joan* does, but who took care, however, to peep at us once a year for the tithes, worth about 200l. and charitably allowed his poor bare-boned Curate, out of his gain, 25l. per annum, and ſurplice fees, for the cure of all our ſouls—I was wont to laugh at the Doctor and to pity his Curate—True it is (d'ye mind) my tithe at that time, let out and taken by a *grey-coated Parſon*, to the laſt furrow, or ſheaf, went from me unwillingly; but the Curate's fees I always paid cheerfully for marrying and burying all the poor when I was overſeer; and for the moſt part I myſelf took the gownſman home to partake of a family dinner—My ſon Robin is about to be married, and though, when his wife has children, it will coſt *threepence per child* to chriſten them, that is to make them, as we ſay, children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven, yet, as matters are like

like to go with us poor farmers, I hope my ſon will ſtrive to pay the tax, without being ſued for it; becauſe *it muſt be a poor Heaven indeed that is not worth threepence*—But now we have got a Rector, an *honeſt man*, who lives amongſt us (except when he goes to the mill a grinding, and then he is not far off) a man, who never exacts the *full tenth* of our crop or cattle, but takes from a *fair farmer*, almoſt what he likes to give, ſpends what he takes amongſt his neighbours, for the modeſt and frugal ſupport of his family, and gives the overplus to the relief of the *worthy poor*—I pay my tithe (d'ye mind) to *him* every year with pleaſure—When I hired my farm (obſerve ye) I knew it was ſubject to tithes—had it been tithe free, I muſt have paid much more rent for it than I now do—my Landlord (obſerve ye) would have taken what my Rector now takes, and although I like my Landlord much, I reſpect my Rector more, and, therefore, as I hired my farm (obſerve ye) with my eyes open, and ſaw clear enough it was ſubject to tenths or tithes, were I to withhold them from our worthy Rector, I ſhould think myſelf a *thief* and a *robber*.

Quaker—

Quaker—I eſteem thy Rector perhaps more than thou doſt, but tithe-taking is his bread —I could wiſh he would live and ſerve in the tabernacle freely—" freely thou haſt received and freely give," ſaid our Maſter.

Hodge—Pray Miſter Quaker, have you not Parſons, or holders-forth amongſt you?

Quaker—Yea.

Hodge—What have they for their preachments?

Quaker—Nothing, kindneſſes of the Society excepted, unleſs they travel. When our public friends travel, our private friends receive them, and for the ſake of their *living teſtimony*, they are provided with provinder, carriages, &c. and are borne free from place to place till their return—mean-time their families at home are employed in honeſt trades or callings to ſupport themſelves—if they be not able to do ſo, our friends are always ready to adminiſter to the induſtrious members, and make their ſituation tolerable, perhaps rather comfortable, 'till the head of the family has cleared himſelf of his Teſtimony, and having done his duty, returns home in peace.

Hodge—

Hodge—Hark ye! It comes all to a reckoning with the caſe of our Rector, he employs (obſerve ye) all his time in doing good, his dame ſpends hers in making ſhirts, ſhifts, caps, handkerchiefs, and other things for the poor. His two girls too knit ſtockings and give them away to ſtockingleſs children—The only fault the Rector has, is coming here a grinding—there he puzzles me, for he will have it (his own way) and ſay, with the Doctor and the reſt at the mill, that a man can never be happy unleſs he be ground down, and paſs through all the operations of this new-fangled mill—I know not what to think, there have been times when I thought of being ground myſelf, and I came here to day with the thought in my head, but meeting with you here, *a Quaker*, put me rather out of temper, and, d'ye mind, I think I muſt e'en give up the matter of grinding.

Quaker—I will plainly tell thee, friend, thou never canſt be happy till ground young, but, look yonder, there are ſome people approaching the mill, one of them, by his black garb I ſuſpect to be an hireling; if thou wilt walk with me into this meadow

(of

(of contemplation) thou wilt ſoon become thoughtful, and I feel a deſire to have further communications with thee on ſerious ſubjects.

Hodge—Well, (obſerve ye) you ſeem civil, I will e'en walk with you.

Hodge and the friend walked into the meadow for farther converſation, where we'll leave them for a while, and cloſe the 10th Chapter, in order that in

CHAPTER XI.

We may ſee who the ſeveral perſons are that the friend perceived were approaching the mill.

CHAPTER XI.

Their characters explained, and they prove to be a Popiſh Prieſt—A Preſbyterian—A Baptiſt—A Methodiſt Preacher—And a New Jeruſalemite, with parcels of their reſpective flocks—The profeſſors weighed—Some found wanting, &c.

THOSE who marched at the front were a Papiſt, a Preſbyterian, a Baptiſt, a Methodiſt Preacher, and a diſciple of Emmanuel Swedenbourg, uſually called a teacher of the church, ſtiled the New Jeruſalem; each had a ſelect number of diſciples who followed their reſpective Paſtors in the rear, and they all, with ſteady ſteps, came up to the mill, profeſſing eſteem and friendſhip for the people there, averring, they had every one of them paſſed through the operations, and ſignifying, that by long experience they had obtained the knowledge of ſeveral *improvements in grinding*, which they were free to communicate to all, but eſpecially to any candidate for youth and happineſs, who ſhould caſually

caſually come, during their ſtay, to paſs through the mill-works—The Rector, Doctor, young men, and all at the mill, received them cordially—and ſoon ſpread the table with wholeſome refreſhments, of which they all betook temperately (a few excepted) after which it was propoſed to take a view of the works and wards; in paſſing the ward of *Trial*, ſome of the forwardeſt and moſt confident of each church or ſect, ſeeing the ſcales, propoſed to prove their ponderouſneſs, and reſolved to be weighed—others, more fearful and lowly, wiſhed to weigh, but trembled as they came up to the ſcales.

The Rector gently ſtepped up to a nimble profeſſor (who was *ſelf-placed* in the ſcale; and who, finding it eaſily go down with him, exclaimed, ſee here, friends, here's a full down ſcale in me) and the ſaid Rector putting the ſtandard weights in the oppoſite ſcale, rather haſtily, up flew the other ſcale, in which the profeſſor was, and down fell the boaſter; ſeveral others were weighed, and much the ſame lightneſs was found in them; the Doctor, therefore, turned their faces towards the left-hand wall, on which was written in ſacred characters,

TEKEL

TEKEL,

(Which being tranſlated, ſignifies)

"Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."

Whereas, ſeveral others of each ſort, who reluctantly, and with fear entered the Ward of Trial and Scales of Truth, were weighed againſt Faith, Love, Hope, Patience, Purity, Charity, &c. &c. and were found, *not wanting*.

The light, lean, windy, air-bubbled pretenders, were adviſed to go through the operations of the mill, and begin with their firſt works; to wit, the Pedeſtal, or ſtool, and Ward of Oratory—Some ſaid they were ſure and certain they had been through the whole long ſince, that they were *good weight once*, and if once good weight, their *ſolids* could never *finally fall away*—that they ſuppoſed the Rector, or ſome of the people at the mill, had added to the ſtandard weights to depreſs and deceive them, and, therefore, they would diſſent from their mode of weighing, ſtand upon their preſent ſtate, and defy all bigoted deceivers—The Rector advancing ſaid to them, Conceited men, you deceive yourſelves—you expect to attain the end with-

out the means; they grew offended, and went away railing—others reſolved to go through all the works of the mill till they were ground right young, or to periſh on the ſpot—they perſevered, they did go through and became young like " little children."

Our readers may remember we left the Quaker and Hodge walking in the meadow, it is time to ſay what was the ſubſtance and conſequence of their well-timed conference.

When Hodge ſeriouſly conſented to walk in the meadow with his new acquaintance the Quaker, he appeared at firſt to keep aloof, and directed his ſteps to the River of Reaſon, out of which he had drank large draughts of good water before—The Quaker had taken in as much of the ſame liquid, but, he alſo had been frequently to the *Rivulet*, which he carefully pointed out to his comrade—Hodge was prevailed upon to taſte this ſuperior water—he taſted and taſted again, at length he was ſo delighted with the ſpirit of that peculiar water, that he aſked for and had a large draught thereof; ſo ſoon as he felt the ſalutary and ſpeedy effects, and took another turn or two in the meadow of contemplation—he began to cry out, What is

the matter with my eyes? I ſee things differently to what I ever did—I ſee, I have ſpent my time and labour chiefly in *vanity*. And I find now vexation of ſpirit—What have I been doing all theſe laſt 40 years? Why drudging after the world—labouring to get bread and ſupport my family with the character of an *honeſt man*, but I never was an *happy man*; I now ſee I want to know others *much*—to know myſelf *more* and *moſt* of all, to know from whom I had my being —Good Quaker, forgive my ſoftneſs—you ſee Hodge unhodge himſelf—I begin to like you, though at firſt onſet I derided you, now I ſee clearly, you are a far better man than ever I was—the ſight of my paſt purſuits and follies fright me—Hodge is grown old, and as (you ſee) almoſt crippled with labour—Hodge cannot be long in this world —he has been told of a world to come, but knows nothing about it—he has all religion to ſeek, except the name of it; what ſhall I do? where ſhall I fly?—I have heard of a place of torment (I now remember it) for them that *forget God*—I have too long forgot him—forboding fears ſuggeſt I ſhall ſurely be loſt; tell me, Quaker, tell me if you can,

whether it be poſſible for an old grey-headed God-forgetting ſinner, to flee from the wrath to come?

Quaker—Friend, be ſtill, thou art old in years, and perhaps not young in vanity, but there is hope concerning thee in Iſrael—thou mayeſt yet be both renewed and reſtored; only go through the inward works of this mill.

Hodge—Friendly ſtranger, is it poſſible? is it poſſible to reſtore one weakened and grown old as I am? can ſuch things be? if they can be indeed, and if they really are, let us go to the mill, forthwith; I will go through any of the works, all the works; be any thing, or do any thing, ſo that at the end I may be what I wiſh and pant to be; ſo that I may become vigorous (or young) and happy—but who will direct me in the operations?

Quaker—Thou art already directed in a meaſure—let us, as you crave, go to the mill—the *Chief Operator*, whom thou haſt not ſeen with carnal eyes, will direct thee—attend to his inward admonitions, and thou ſhalt be led into all truth—The ſerious ſons of peace at the mill, who are inſtruments in the hands

hands of the Great Operator, will give thee all the aſſiſtance in their power; if thou wilt accept my feeble efforts in thy favour, I will attend thee, whilſt thou art in the wards of Trial and Oratory; yea, I will keep there, and in the Silent Ward, till thou paſſeſt through the grinders, and comeſt out of the mill vigorous, and (as it were) young. Hodge thankfully accepted the Friend's aſſiſtance—they drew near the mill together—It happened that (Hannah) Hodge's wife, his daughter Audrey, and ſon Robert, (it being now near ſun-ſet) were come to the mill—all the people there, the Rector, Doctor, young men, and others, to wit, the Papiſt, Preſbyterian, Baptiſt, Methodiſt and New Jeruſalemite, ſeeing Hodge and the Quaker drawing nigh, came to the door to view and receive them; Mrs. Hodge, however, and her children kept behind, fearing Hodge, on ſeeing them there, would either grow humorous or angry—but on their nearer approach, ſeeing him with one hand leaning on the Quaker's arm, and hanging down his head, whilſt with the other he held his handkerchief up to his face, Hannah could no longer lag behind, but fearing ſome accident

accident had happened to her huſband, or that he had been taken ill, ſhe exclaimed to her children, ſomething ails your father! and inſtantly running to the mill door, (they quick behind her) with eager emotion ſhe aſked, My dear huſband, what is the matter with you? are you not well?

No, no, Hannah, (ſays Hodge) I am far enough from well, poor Hodge may never be well again—I am wretched (dear wife) undone, I doubt, quite undone, but don't be vexed, I deſerve all that has or can befall me—you my wife, and you my children, have done your duty, you are happy, I am miſerable, and muſt be ſo I fear for ever—Here tears and ſighs ſtopped the powers of ſpeech—Hannah and the children as yet ſtrangers to the cauſe of his grief, all fell into tears—The Quaker, who had loſt hold of Hodge, for the wife and children now partly ſupported and clung round him, and had ſeparated him from his former aid—The Quaker (I ſay) ſeriouſly exclaimed—Friends, be ſtill, thy huſband, thy father, may do well—His malady is not without in the fleſh, but within in the ſpirit, the inward man—all will be peace, I truſt, anon—but their

united

united cries, before they well underſtood the friend, brought all the aſſembly at the mill without the door—each enquired—each wondered—mean time, Hodge, leaning on his wife and children, got up the ſteps, entered the firſt room, and being faint, ſat down ſoftly on the pedeſtal, or ſtool, that (as was ſaid before) ſtood there juſt at the entrance.

Here, he ſent forth ſuch a flood of tears, and vented ſuch vehement exclamations againſt himſelf and his former courſe of life, that many at the mill thought it neceſſary to draw him off the pedeſtal, others thought it more proper to let him remain there a due ſeaſon; the laſt adviſers formed a clear majority, and amongſt them were the Rector and Doctor, Hannah his wife, his ſon and daughter, the Methodiſt Preacher, &c.—The Quaker had, before this, retired firſt into the Oratorial Ward, then into the Silent Ward—Hodge at length cried aloud, give me ſomething to comfort me or I muſt faint—The Rector fetched a little excellent wine, the Doctor flew to the medical cheſt, he brought a bottle of the very beſt ſal volatile,

latile, and another of lavender drops, mixed with ſpirits peculiar to the place; Hannah had a ſprig of myrrh about her; Robert a roſe, and Audrey an apple, plucked off an apple tree amongſt the trees of the wood; all brought them to the weeping farmer; he taſted of the wine, took ſome of the drops, received the ſweet odour of the roſe, taſted of the apple, and all, but eſpecially the laſt, refreſhed him—He became a little compoſed for the preſent, but ſoon feeling his ſorrow afreſh, he broke out again into deep lamentations—all the people at the mill were ſoon in profound conſultation about him, all wiſhed him well, and all ſtrove to conſole him—the Catholic, or Popiſh Prieſt, firſt puſhed himſelf forward, and addreſſed the company after the following Romiſh faſhion:—

Catholic—Gentlemen, ſchiſm, as you will ſoon know, is a moſt dangerous and dreadful thing—you have an inſtance before your faces, in the unhappy perſon on the pedeſtal—to be out of the pale of the church is to be out of the way of ſalvation—This farmer (Hodge) owns he has "done the things he ought not to have done, and has left undone

done the things he ought to have done," there is no health in him (you all know or confeſs the ſame things, and yet you refuſe to return and lean upon the boſom of our holy father, the Pope of Rome)—this farmer is bound by the chains and fetters of his ſins, grown grey in error, and ſo ſunk in ſorrow, that all of you together cannot deliver him; your mill itſelf is of no uſe except ſo far as you have followed the Catholic model and manner of working—now, here am I, ready to help this man of woe, by the authority I have received from Saint Peter's ſucceſſor, and by virtue of my ſacred function, I have power to releaſe him; only withdraw, leave the man to me, and if he will frankly confeſs and repeat a few Ave Marias and Pater Noſters, I will forgive him all that he hath done amiſs, and ſtake my welfare againſt his that he ſhall be whole, and come off ſounder and better than any one ever did, who have adopted your way of grinding.

Preſbyterian—Father Friar, you have no more power to reſtore him, than you had to create him.

All—Very true—very true.

Baptiſt—It may be of the utmoſt conſequence to plunge him forthwith in yonder capacious bath.

Rector—He has not been immerſed, but he was ſprinkled when an infant.

Papiſt—The Bath do little good either to young or old, till the waters are mixed with holy ſpittle and ſalt.

Methodiſt—If theſe ſorrows end rightly as I believe they will, he ſhall have peace and joy, ſuch as none of us can give him.

The Quaker who before this came from the ſilent ward and joined them, ſaid:

Quaker—Job, when ſurrounded with erroneous friends, dealt plainly with them, and affirmed, they were miſerable comforters—Phyſicians of no value—ſuch are ſome of you, let him alone, the guide that hath led him thus far, will conduct him through all the needful operations of the mill, and lead him to true peace.

Methodiſt Preacher—The worthy Friend is in the right—leave the farmer, let him alone.

Young Men, &c.—Let him read the records of the mill.

Papiſt—

Papiſt—They will not d—let him, by way of preface, read the Pope's bulls and traditions of the Holy Fathers.

Jeruſalemite—Your records are of no great uſe, your mill of leſs, and your bulls and traditions of none at all—let him read the works of *Emmanuel Swedenbourg*, who has converſed not only with the inhabitants of the planetary and other worlds, but alſo with Angels and Heavenly ſpirits; reading thoſe works will lead him to a walk in a delightful field, he will become as briſk as a youth of 25, and not only feel himſelf young and airy, but by the New Jeruſalem lanthorn he will ſee through all your ways of darkneſs, and penetrate the regions of the after-world —he will ſee the ſtreets of our New Jeruſalem, ſee the houſes and inhabitants of the future ſtate, and, perhaps, get a glance at the very tenement he ſhall dwell in, and the lands he ſhall till and ſow, if he turns out a farmer in that celeſtial country.

Rector—The records of our mill ſpeak of an *Emmanuel* infinitely greater and more glorious than your German author—though he might be a well-meaning religious man—and they ſpeak alſo of a future city, not built

upon airy imaginations, for that city hath foundations—I ſhall in due time adviſe my reſpected neighbour to ſearch the ſacred records, but, at preſent, I humbly conceive it will be beſt to remove the farmer, if he thinks proper, to the *Oratorial Ward*, and leave him there alone.—To this neceſſary movement, a univerſal conſent was then given—but before Hodge aroſe, Robert, Hodge's ſon, (a brilliant youth) came forward, and thus addreſſed the whole aſſembly of paſtors.

Fathers and reverend paſtors—your opinions are as different as your garments, they are wide and various; your voices, in diſputable points, form a ſort of *Polyglot*; your languages being confounded, prove to demonſtration, you have all, more or leſs, been at the Tower of Babel; but ſuffer me to aſk, do you acknowledge, one and all, that when a man is become old or unhappy by omitting to do right, or doing wrong, he cannot afterwards be made young or happy unleſs he be ground or renewed?—the operations, or modes of grinding may differ, but do you unanimouſly agree, that all muſt paſs through them, and be prepared for a place where perpetual

petual ſummer and perpetual youth are found, or that the long wiſhed-for city cannot be entered?

One and all allowed it to be ſo, except the Catholic, who affirmed there is a purgatorial mill that lies between this place and that city, where, if people are not ground clean here, they may be ground in the hot mill, and droſs-dreſſed there; and in due time, by the help of good Catholical petitions (and ſo forth) be admitted into the wiſhed-for garner.

But that doctrine being over-ruled and borne down by all the reſt, the Farmer, who had ſat ſorrowful, yet very attentive, and had heard the whole diſputation, lifted up his head, he looked for his wife and children, for the Quaker and Methodiſt Preacher, for the young men at the mill, and for all he knew, and humbly requeſted, that he might not be farther troubled with vain janglings; if there is a way to vigour, ſaid he, ſhew me that way, I am not a good walker now, if I was, I know of no other mill than this—here on this ſtool I have opened my mind, I have cloaked nothing, ſhew me the way, therefore, to what you call the Ward Oratorial.

The

The Rector and Doctor took Hodge by his hands, they led him forward, his wife and children followed him, the Quaker would not leave him, the Methodiſt kept cloſe to him, all the reſt wiſhed to attend him, and every one entered with him into the Oratorial Ward—Hodge felt a fervour ſoon as he entered the ſacred place, he inſtantly became an orator; he ſpoke in a new ſtyle, and with ſuch a peculiar fervour, as his wife or children had never heard before, in ſhort, he lifted up his voice ſo loud, and ſpoke ſo long, that the Rector, fearing he ſhould be exhauſted, opened the *window* that fronted the Chief Mount—Hodge aroſe, and going to the caſement for air, diſcovered, at a ſmall diſtance, *a wonderful ſpectacle*, which aſtoniſhed and comforted him, it was the appearance of *one* who bore a heavy load, a burthen which Hodge believed was his own; and when he ſaw him ſink under it, riſe again, and throw it like a millſtone into the neighbouring ſea (never to riſe more) he exclaimed—That is my friend, my ſubſtitute, and my Saviour!

The watchful Rector inſtantly brought Hodge the records of the mill, and deſired,

after

after taking ſome refreſhment, he would look them over; Hodge replied, I am refreſhed, pleaſe to leave me here by myſelf, I will peruſe the records and ſee (for my eyes are better than they were) what theſe records contain—The Rector and the reſt left him in the Ward of Oratory—Hodge began at the firſt leaf, and perſevered, till he deliberately read through the whole—There he learned to know the glorious great *Father* who made all things—the moſt merciful *Son* of the Father (the ſame he ſaw bearing his burthen, who redeemed the ſin-ſold ſons of men)—the *Chief Operator**, who leads and comforts all thoſe who follow his directions—and there he ſaw the moſt inimitable drawings (not only of the mill itſelf and all its real works, but alſo) ſtriking pictures of the creation of our world, the formation of man and his helpmate, their fall, their firſt promiſe from the Creator, their covering of ſkins made of the beaſt ſlain to cloath them, their baniſhment, their conſequential toil and doom—"Thou ſhalt earn thy bread by the ſweat of thy brow;"—Ah, true, ſays Hodge, I

* The Holy Ghoſt.

have

have earned my bread ſo from a boy till now —" Duſt thou art, and unto duſt ſhalt thou return"—(I know it, I know it, ſays he; but I have a part not made of duſt, it will return to my father, I am his offspring). He read alſo the encreaſe and wickedneſs of the antidiluvian world—the flood—Ay, ay, ſays he, we have turned upon my farm, far from the ſea, fiſh bones, fiſhes ſhells, and other matters, all proofs of that flood—He read the ſtory and ſaw the picture of the ark—a painting of Noah met his eye, ditto of his wife, of his family, the raven, the dove, and the reſt of the ark on the mountain called Arrarat—he next viewed the encreaſe of the human ſpecies from eight perſons, Noah's defect, his ſon's behaviour, Abraham's call, his life, the promiſe made to him, his connexion by his wife, Sarah's deſire with Agar, her ſon, her and his baniſhment, Iſaac's birth, his marriage with Rebecca, their ſons Jacob and Eſau's wonderful ſtory, the hiſtory of Jacob's ſons, Joſeph's remarkable life, the treachery of his Brethren, his faithfulneſs and advancement in Egypt, the particulars of the Patriarchs, their ſeveral prophetical allotments, the captivity of

Abraham's

Abraham's ſeed; the birth, choice, and works of Moſes; the wonderful plagues of Egypt, Pharaoh's obſtinacy, the deſtruction of him and all his hoſt in the Red Sea, Iſrael's moſt wonderful walk through the waters; the life and adminiſtration, the view from Peſgah, and death of Moſes; the fall of the Iſraelites in the wilderneſs, the wars and victories of Joſhua at the head of their children, the diviſion of the Promiſed Land, the prophecies of the Prophets; the coming of the *Meſſiah*, his birth, life, doctrine, ſufferings, death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion; the calling, lives, travels, and ſucceſs of the Apoſtles; the riſe and progreſs of the firſt (ſpiritual *mills* or) *churches*; the doctrine of *Chriſt* in the four goſpels; the *wide gate* and broad road which terminate in a gulph of endleſs miſery; the *ſtraight gate* and narrow way, which lead to life eternal; the lives and works, the ſucceſs and death of the Apoſtles; their ſundry epiſtles to the ancient churches, and the wonderful revelations of St. John the Divine.

Theſe things ſo inſtructed, encouraged and charmed Hodge, that he reſolved to go

through every operation, ſo that he might become *like a little child*, young again here; and be aſſured of the happineſs hereafter, which all, who are truly ground down and renewed, will certainly receive.

He had no ſooner declared his reſolution, than certain people, who juſt arrived to take a view of the mill, and who, after ſeeing the works, affirmed, ſome of them were unneceſſary, came into the ward were Hodge was, and after hearing his caſe, they proteſted *he was ground enough already*—for, ſaid they, he has been on the ſtool (as we ſee) and have been made ſorrowful, he will never, we hope, go the old ways again—and having ſeen the Mount, and Him who bore his load, throw it into the ſea, he has no more to do but to cheer up, hold faſt what he then believed, and conform to our *orders*, in which, if he walks as we ſhall direct him, by reading the records, coming conſtantly to the mill, reſorting to the Oratorial Ward, and, at ſet times *ſupping* with the mill-men, there can be no doubt whatever, but he will be as young as the beſt of them.

The *Papiſt* encountered their aſſertions—he proclaimed aloud, that Hodge could never

ver become right again till he returned to the *mother church.*

The *Baptiſt* ſaid, he would not be altogether what he ought to be till he was buried for a moment in the bath—This brought on a diſputation, in which the Baptiſt had the better of the argument, though the ſincere *Quaker* ſaid truly, and the *Methodiſt* confirmed the ſaying, there was *a better way of waſhing the inner man*, which they hoped Hodge would inwardly attend to.

The Rector ſaid, Hodge had been in the bath, or had been ſprinkled with its waters many years ago.

The diſciple of Swedenbourg warmly proteſted Hodge could never be young again till he joined the *Jeruſalem Church*; for that all the reſt were as wrong as their enemies could wiſh them to be—The Rector, Doctor, young men at the mill, the Methodiſt Preacher, and the friendly Quaker, all inſiſted upon it that Hodge was not ſufficiently ground; and they all united to beſeech him not to *fall ſhort*, but to go through all the other needful works, till he felt himſelf young and vigorous—Hannah, Robert, and Audrey (his wife and children) earneſtly entreated

entreated him to ſubmit, and paſs through, and they alſo brought the records of the mill to prove farther operations were neceſſary. What is rather ſingular, thoſe at the mill formed (but no where elſe could they make) a clear *majority*—Hodge, who for a time, (till tired) was all attention, heard the arguments, and judged, as well as he could, of the merits of the debate; after a little pauſe ſpoke for himſelf—

Hear me, my good friends, I am the perſon chiefly intereſted in your conſultations and debates—I have (in part) attended to what you have all ſaid, *pro* and *con*, and I have called in, after my ears, my eyes, and my own experience, to diſtinguiſh what is truth—*Experience*, 'tis truly ſaid, teaches knowledge—I have not much yet, but I have ſufficient to let me know, though I have here received unſpeakable benefit, I ſtill want more—it is true, my eyes have been enlightened—I have ſat on that ſtool, have opened my heart to him that knows it, I have looked out of yon window to the mount, and ſhall never (I hope) as long as I live forget Him I ſaw there, I feel too an hope I never knew before; but, after all this

this, I think myſelf as yet neither perfectly clean nor ſufficiently young—even whilſt you have been diſputing, I became ſo drowſy, that I ſlipped off my ſeat, and falling upon ſome of the dirt your feet brought into the room, I have ſullied my coat, and dirtied my linen; *bring me a bruſh*, that if the dirt be dry it may be rubbed off, and I truſt to take care not again to be *talked aſleep*—I want more ſtrength and better covering than at preſent I wear, and I will go through any thing, every thing that is ordered for ſuch as me, but I will obtain them—let me go forward—friendly Rector and all friends point out the way in which I ought further to go.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XII.

Hodge conſents to be ground—enters the mill and the works—is drawn aſide by his old companions for a time—joins them to ring a peal of bob-majors—is alarmed—leaves off ringing and returns to the mill—is rightly ground, i. e. made new, and all ends happily.

HODGE was now conducted to the *Watch Ward*, which had for its top a lofty tower; he entered the ward alone, and found, for a time, peace there; but after a while, his peace, in part, was interrupted by Will. Witty, Farmer Favour-fields, Mr. Try-lands, and ſundry others his old acquaintances, who miſſing their *Sunday* pipes and pots of ſtingo at Hodge's farm-houſe, and alſo hearing that the cauſe of the Farmer's diſcontinuance of ſuch a good old cuſtom was entirely to be imputed to his being at the mill, came in a body to the ſpot, and earneſtly requeſted to ſee and ſpeak to him.

The

The Rector, Doctor, Methodiſt, Quaker, and people at the mill ſaid, their friend, Mr. Hodge, was in a way of doing well; that he was placed in the *Watch Ward*, and moſt likely would not wiſh to admit company; but as they at length inſiſted upon ſpeaking to him, they where ſhewn to the outſide of the ward, where they bawled aloud—Maſter Hodge! good neighbour Hodge, where are you?—I am here, replied Hodge—Who are you? and what is your buſineſs with me?

Anſwer—Who are we?—why ſure you know our voices, we are your old neighbours and cloſe friends Will. Witty, Tom. Trylands, and Frank Favour-fields—we have all been at a loſs about you theſe three weeks—we have loſt the pleaſure of ſpending our Sundays at your farm-houſe; and ſo we have agreed upon a Sunday club at our own houſes, by turns—we are come to invite you to join us, and come away from the mill, or your brains will be turned, and you'll be ruined—meet us to-morrow, for it is Sunday, and a good day a good deed you know, beſide we ſhan't neglect work; and we ſhall have at Mr. Witty's the beſt Virginia tobacco,

bacco, and ſome pots of good ale—moreover 'tis gunpowder treaſon, and we intend to raiſe the bells, and ring a round peal of merry *bob-majors*, but we cannot do without you, becauſe 'tis you that always call the peal—we have another thing on foot too—the Lords of the Manors, and all our Landlords, are to meet the next day about *encloſing our commons*, and *building a work-houſe*; and, as they ſay, this will be vaſtly to our advantage, we wiſh you to join us in ſuch profitable doings.

Hodge heard and felt all they ſaid—and after a pauſe, he went up to the top of the Watch Ward tower, and addreſſed his former companions in the following manner:

Old companions or aſſociates, I am at preſent otherways engaged, I have ſeveral operations yet to paſs through before the good end I came for can be obtained—I want my ſtrength to be renewed, and to experience ſomething like the vigour of youth; but when thoſe things happen, I ſhall not join you again in *Lord's-day frolicks*—no more Sunday ſtingo at my farm—as to a peal on the bells on a *working day*, why, ringing is (as they ſay) my *hobby-horſe*—I feel an inclination

clination to call the bobs, but at preſent, I dare not venture—As to *encloſing the commons* and *building a workhouſe*, I ſhould neither meddle nor make, if the poor would not be hurt by them, but if I get ſtrong enough I ſhall do my beſt to oppoſe *both* the meaſures—the poor have little left but common graſs, common ling, furze, flags, and common liberty; and to cut up all theſe by the roots at two ſtrokes, i. e. (*incloſures*, and a conſequent *workhouſe*) is a taſk that ought to make the boldeſt and moſt powerful adventurer ſhudder.

Companions—Well, neighbour Hodge, you ſhall do as you pleaſe if you will but make one of us; we will vote, and ring, and drink, and do every thing as you bid us, if you will but come—Now, as to the ringing bout, we'll put it off till Monday, if you promiſe to come and twirl the treble, only oblige us—Will you come?

Pray, ſays Hodge, go your ways, I wiſh you all well—but let me conſider of the affair.

They withdrew, and left him to turn the matter over.

He did ſo, and walked *out the Watch Ward*, unknown to any, to conſider of this thing—Encloſing our commons, thought Hodge, and building a workhouſe, will totally ruin our poor; as for ringing a peal for gunpowder treaſon, there can be but little harm in that; the conſequence was, that on the fixed day, Hodge wandered from the mill—The Rector, Doctor, and all the people there who knew of his intended excurſion, would fain have perſuaded him not to venture, but, as they uſe *no force*, he prevailed, and ſaid, he was going upon a good cauſe, and, therefore, could catch no harm—He did go, and by his ſtrong arguments in favour of the poor, whom he inſiſted were already deprived of almoſt every privilege; by his affirming, if they were drove to deſperation, by taking away commons and rearing up workhouſes, alias priſons, they might in time (through repeated provocations) grow ſo untoward, as to oppoſe their oppoſers, and by ſundry other efforts, the *encloſure and workhouſe plans* were over-ruled by a great majority—that ſo elated him and thoſe that voted on the ſame ſide the queſtion, that he was eaſily prevailed upon

upon to go with them to the belfry to ring a peal of *bob-majors*; and, ſaid they, if it was not the day next the gun-powder treaſon, we ought to raiſe the bells, and ring for joy, that the commons will remain, and that the workhouſe ſcheme is laid aſide; in ſhort, Hodge went with them, took the treble, the bells were raiſed, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; they were twirled for a time merrily round, but ſerious thoughts began ſo to work on Hodge's mind, that ſoon after the changes began, when it became his duty to call the peal, he was ſo harraſſed and abſent, that he began to blunder, and before bobbing time, called out to the oppoſite ringer who pulled the tenor, and whoſe name was Robert Roper—Bob! Bob!—You are wrong ſaid Robert—I think the ſteeple cracks, cried Hodge—Bob! Bob!—Confuſion ſoon enſued, every man, but Hodge, ſtayed his bell, though irregularly; but Hodge could not ſet up the treble on her ſtays—he let the rope go, therefore, and the report of ting! ting!—ting! ting!—ting! ting! ting!—ting! ting! —ting! till ſhe ceaſed, cauſed the inhabitants of the town to ſurmiſe (the clappers beating out of courſe) that the ropes had

broke, or that ſome misfortune had happened to the ringers—Poor Hodge, however, after a ſhort and broken apology, ſaying he dare ring no more, put on his coat, wiſhed them well, and ſneaked away to the mill again, ſad and ſorrowful.

On his return, he was readily received, he frankly told them how he fared, ran haſtily into the *Oratorial Ward*, and began to cry out bitterly; being, however, ſoon calmed, he reſolved afreſh to go through all the works, was removed to the *Faſting Ward*, there he continued from morning till near evening, before he took outward refreſhment; after a ſmall repaſt, the main wheel being then in full motion, as the water was plentiful, Hodge, unaſked, deſcended into the hopper, but being ſoon laid hold of by the grinders, moſt vehemently whirled over and over, and hard preſſed between them, he began to be alarmed—fear ſeized him, that he ſhould never get through, but periſh—the more ſo, as in that ſtate of violent agitation he could ſcarce ſee light; the fear of deſtruction, and the hope of deliverance, never before appeared ſo conſpicuous; at length his hope was crowned—he dropped down to

the

the ſpout, and came out whole; but his old garments were ground away, he was nearly naked, and thought within himſelf, as he afterwards affirmed, he felt the grinding powers *within-ſide*, as well as *without*; the people at the mill, ever watchful, rejoiced at the operations—clean linen were ſoon pointed out, decent under-garments appeared, and an *outward robe* to go over all was given him, ſuch as few will wear—Hodge looked at himſelf, walked like a little child—anon he leaped, ſkipped, and proclaimed, "*if ever an old man was ground young, I am.*" He then was led to the Rivulet and drank more of its ſweet ſtreams—he was ſhewn to the Ward of Trial, a very warm ward; Hodge at one time began to fear the fire would conſume him, but an unſeen hand placed a mill-*ſkreen*, between the flame and him, ſo that he ſweetly enjoyed the ſhade, till he paſſed and was put into the *ſcale*—wherein being fairly poiſed as uſual, all the ſpectators pronounced he was *full weight*—Hodge then embraced them, gave thanks to the *Chief Operator* afreſh, returned to his family in peace, and from that day to this, they have lived together in that harmony and happineſs

happineſs that none can poſſibly experience but ſuch as are ground young.

No one rejoiced more at Hodge's converſion than the Methodiſt Preacher and the pious *Quaker*; at the Quaker's departure he ſhook Hodge heartily by the hand, ſaying, keep cloſe to the inward guidance, and good things thou haſt received.

The worthy Friend next addreſſed himſelf to all the people at the mill, eſpecially to the Methodiſt, who had gained his higheſt eſteem, ſaying, Friends, I find that I muſt ſoon leave you all; I came here, not only to ſee you again face to face and commune with you, but alſo to leave behind a token of love for the ſake of the *Chief Operator*, and to you; he then pulled out from his boſom, and gave into the hands of the Rector, Doctor, and Methodiſt, a large parchment (ſealed) ſcroll, in which he had made over, for the benefit of the people at the mill, a tract of fertile land lying not far off—the reſt of his patrimony he bequeathed to his neareſt kindred; and after a ſincere and hearty farewell, he left them, and ſoon after departed this life in peace and in a good old age, leaving behind him an irreproachable character,

racter and many weeping friends; amongſt them were numerous poor, to whom in his life time he was a conſtant and bountiful benefactor—all to this day bewail his loſs.

The *good Quaker* died a widower, but he left behind him two children; he had many years before well provided for the eldeſt, and therefore left him no more than his bleſſing, and a token of parental love—After ſeveral ſpecific legacies to the poor, he left the reſidue of fortune to his youngeſt ſon—But ſoon after his remains were entombed (by his own deſire, under the flag of a ſpot, walled round for the like purpoſe, being part of the land he had left to the mill) *Mr. Quirks*, the lawyer, hearing what he made over to the mill, poſted away (his Clerk *Trimmer*, with a paper bag at his heels) to his *eldeſt* ſon, and thus addreſſed him.

Quirks—Good morrow, worthy Sir, I have broke through ten engagements of conſequence to attend you to day—I have buſineſs of the utmoſt importance, and joyful news indeed to tell you.

Son—What news, Mr. Quirks?

Quirks—News that will tickle your very heart-ſtrings, Sir; why I ſhall give you to know,

know, Sir, that your father who is dead, has left you only a trifle—your youngeſt brother has got what the teſtator choſe to ſpare; but he has left to the paltry people at yonder mill, a large parcel of land, contrary to the cuſtom of the country; and, therefore, I am very confident (I am ſure on't) that I can take away the ſaid land from them, and get it for you—I have now *another* laudable *cauſe* in hand exactly in point, and am ſure and certain I ſhall recover in the ſame way a conſiderable funded property in the courſe of a few days.

Son—Your application is ſo unexpected, Sir, I am not perfectly prepared to anſwer you—but pray will not the matter, if litigated, be attended with conſiderable expence?

Quirks—Oh, Sir, as to that, why, it may, to be ſure, coſt a trifle, but don't let the *coſts* fright you; I am ſo confident of ſucceſs, that if you pleaſe (to uſe a phraſe I often uſe) I will go ſnacks with you, win or loſe; if we win, as we certainly ſhall, give me one-half, take you the other; mean time I have to beg the loan of a few pounds to pay my agent, and ſo forth.

Son—

Son—Well, but hear me, Mr. Quirks, pray was the land my father's ſole property?

Quirks—My dear Sir, no doubt in the world but it was—I can prove whom he bought it of; my Clerk here, Mr. *Trimmer*, has in my bag a copy of the conveyance ſixty years ago, from Francis Fullpaid, Eſq. to your late deceaſed father and his heirs, in fee ſimple.

Son—Well, but will it be *honeſt* think you to wreſt it from the mill?

Quirks—Honeſt! aye, Sir, perfectly honeſt, indiſputably honeſt; for whatſoever is the cuſtom of the country, of courſe muſt be honeſt.

Son—Hem!—it is not the cuſtom of the country to baniſh *all Quirks* from their native land—ſuppoſe it was, (as it has been the cuſtom in ſome countries to baniſh other profeſſional people) ſhould you like it?

Quirks—Dear Sir, your breeding is too good to ſuffer you to inſult me—I waited upon you to do you a kindneſs—if we differ in opinion, and you do not chuſe to give me the job, why then, Sir, I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

Son—Good bye to you, Mr. Quirks.

They parted—The ſon ſent for Mr. *Blackſwan*, who ſoon came, and between them two the following converſation took place:

Son—Mr. Blackſwan, I have had a Gentleman of the Law, one Mr. *Quirks*, with me, who wiſhed me to employ him in a cuſtomary piece of buſineſs; however, I ſent for you, becauſe I rather chuſe that you ſhould be concerned as my Attorney.

Blackſwan—What may the nature of the buſineſs be, Sir?

Son—You know my father left a parcel of land to the people at the mill—now, Quirks affirms, by the cuſtom of the country, it may be taken away from them, and recovered for me, as I am my father's eldeſt ſon and heir at law; and if I muſt have it, I will not have it till you ſue for and recover it for me.

Blackſwan—Then, Sir, you will never have it at all, for I will not be concerned in ſuch ſort of buſineſs.

Son—I ſhall pay you, Sir, for what you ſhall do, and I thought it was lawyer's buſineſs

ſineſs to do what their clients deſired of them.

Blackſwan—No, no, not if their deſires do not accord with conſcience—We are *free agents*, not *bond ſlaves*—I will not take this in hand, partly for the ſake of the mill and partly for your ſake; for if you could get it (and *the event is hazardous*) if you could graſp it, *contrary to your father's dying donation*, it may perhaps breed a *moth* to eat up all you had before.

Son—Sir, I ſay, I will have you my Attorney in this cauſe, and you ſhall do the buſineſs too—but ſuffer me to explain myſelf, for the buſineſs is this; if there be any cuſtom in the country to raviſh from the mill-people, what my father gave them; go tell them, *though I was never ground myſelf*, my *honour* will not ſuffer me to take or to touch it; go, Mr. Blackſwan, and quickly prepare at my expence an inſtrument to releaſe all my real or ſuppoſed right in this parcel of land, and let them enjoy it freely for ever.

Blackſwan—Honeſt Sir, that I'll do with all my heart, nor will I charge a groat for

doing it. He did draw and engroſs the ratification and confirmation of the Quaker's gift to the mill, the ſon nobly executed it, and thus the matter was pleaſingly ſettled.

The other *caſe in point*, about ſeven years after, was concluded; when lo! the client of Mr. *Quirks*, found the profeſſional bills ſo numerous and *large*, and the remainder to him ſo *ſmall*, that he ſpurned at the trifling ſurplus, and with a diſdainful brow, told *Quirks*—You pettyfogging fellow, did not you at firſt onſet aſſure me, you ſhould moſt certainly recover the whole for me?

Aye, Aye, ſays Quirks, I did, and ſo I moſt ſurely ſhould have done, had it not been for *the glorious uncertainty of the Law*—

However, Sir, ſays he, you have got (in part) your mind, have you not?

No, wretch, replied the Client, nor never ſhall, till I ſhake off the demerits of this foul matter, and ſee you ſtruck off the roll, or peep through the pillory.

From thenceforth, the Rector, Doctor, Methodiſt Preacher, Hodge, and the people on

on the ſpot, continued in peace—Many were ground effectually, numbers came continually to the place—public prejudices ſubſided, and others, that never came there, hearing of the ſalutary effects of grinding, at this period, join the Editor to ſay

SUCCESS to the MILL.

FINIS.

February 25, 1791.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 026 849 0